

Everything He Could Ever Want

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Everything He Could Ever Want

by [AShortWalkToDelinquency](#)

Summary

A new drug has hit the streets, throwing Alphas into violent and uncontrollable ruts. It's hard enough for the 118 to deal with the aftermath of all the calls they're responding to, but when three of their own become victims of the drugs vicious effects, it isn't just a matter of surviving the high.

When all is said and done, *everything* will change for Buck, Bobby, and Eddie.

Notes

Ooooookay. I didn't tag this as rape/non-con, because it's not (not really), but there are elements that may be disturbing for some people to read. It's tagged as dubious consent for a good reason, and if this is a subject that's triggering for you, I would suggest maybe skipping this fic, just to be safe.

For everyone else, I hope you enjoy!! And I promise, there's a happy ending waiting at the other side.

(Also, as much as I absolutely adore Bobby and Athena together, for the purposes of this fic, they never dated or got married.)

Chapter 1

The entire week has sucked.

A new drug hit the streets on Monday. By the time Tuesday rolled around, the number of 9-1-1 calls for assault and battery had more than doubled their usual numbers. The spike in reported rapes wasn't nearly so high, but Buck suspects that's merely a matter of Omegas not filing charges, not that it isn't happening.

And it crushes his soul to think that his brothers and sisters are out there, being brutally attacked and suffering in silence.

The drug, Mirage, is apparently being targeted towards Alphas as the upper of all uppers, something to connect them to their roots as the "superior designation" and provide a sense of euphoria that can't be matched by anything else out there.

The dealers failed to mention that it would throw the Alphas who inhaled it into a rut. They also failed to mention that it had a seventy-five percent mortality rate.

And that didn't even take into account the number of Omegas that died or were seriously injured from their attacks, and the number of bystanders who ended up in hospital, or the morgue, when they got in their way.

The Alphas that survived the drug — the ones that found an Omega to mate until the drug cleared their system — all said that the high was like nothing they've ever experienced, like they'd been reduced to the basest part of their biology with no regard for anything but breeding and continuing their line.

The city declared a state of emergency by Wednesday, warnings hitting the airwaves to stay away from the drug and asking anyone with insight into the drug's source to report to the police immediately.

It's Thursday when they get the call that starts a series of events that, unbeknownst to them all, will change their lives forever.

Their first call of the day, only an hour into a twenty-four hour shift, is to a potential jumper at a five storey parking garage. As soon as they arrive, Bobby sends Buck up to try and talk the woman down while the rest of the team works on inflating the rescue cushion in case Buck can't get to her in time.

He makes it to the roof as the team is still pulling out the gear.

The woman is a fellow Omega — he can smell it on her, smell the fading scent of her heat as soon as he gets within a few dozen feet — and for a fleeting moment, he truly thinks he'll be able to help, to relate in a way that the rest of the team wouldn't be able to.

But then she turns to face him.

It's not the bruises that cover her body that stop him in his tracks, though those are bad enough, blooming around her eyes and sweeping over her cheekbones, lining her arms with finger-shaped marks, even wrapping around her throat. It's not even the lacerations that break up the mottled purples and blues, looking like claw marks down her arms.

It's the pain in her eyes when she looks at him that steals his breath away, and somehow, Buck instinctively knows that it's not the physical ache that's practically drowning her where she stands.

He swallows around the lump in his throat and takes a cautious step forward, hands held up placatingly in front of him as he tries to open a dialogue. Tries to find a way to get her to take a step back from the ledge.

"Hey, my name's Buck," he says, just loud enough to carry over the sounds of the street traffic below. The last thing he wants to do is startle her when she's already strung so tight. "What's your name?"

"Trina," she answers just as quietly. Even still, Buck can pick up a note of something in her voice that edges well past hopelessness, and the hairs on the back of his neck prickle up.

"Hi Trina, it's really nice to meet you," he says, offering her a small smile as he takes a half step closer. "I'd really like to talk with you a little. Would that be okay?"

"It wasn't him. Not really" Her voice cracks as she speaks, obvious signs of distress pulling at her features. Buck has no idea what she's talking about, but he readies himself to leap forward and grab her from the edge, hooking his own safety gear to the railing that runs along the perimeter of the building. "He wouldn't have..." a broken sob spills from her lips, and Buck wants nothing more than to wrap this woman up in his arms and tell her it's all going to be okay. "It was the Mirage. We were bonded. He would never —"

A sinking sensation spreads through Buck like wildfire, imagining exactly what happened to leave the Omega so battered and broken.

And to know that it was a mate that did that to her...

Buck honestly has no idea what he could possibly say to make it better. And she doesn't give him the opportunity to figure it out.

He watches the light in her eyes sort of...flicker out. And then she lets her body tilt over the edge.

Buck lunges forward, grasping for the woman as he screams out her name, but his fingers just graze along the cuff of her jeans as she plummets to the ground below, just barely out of reach.

Beyond help.

On the street below, the team is still hooking up the cushion to the air supply.

She never had a chance.

It hits them all hard. Bobby offers to let them all leave for the day, reminding them of the counselling that's available for any of them should they need it, but no one takes him up on the offer. Losing people is part of the job, and for Hen, Chim, and Eddie, something they're regrettably familiar with.

For Buck, well...it still hurts.

Losing someone always seems to hit Buck harder than the others. Maybe it's because he's an Omega, maybe it's just his innate need to help people, but it's always harder for him to shake the guilt, the crushing sense of failure that wends its way into his soul with every life that's lost.

Still, he refuses to leave.

Because, just maybe, there will be someone that he *can* save on their next call.

Despite his assurances that he's fine, Bobby stays by his side the rest of the shift, almost never more than a few feet away. Before they'd even left the scene of the suicide, he'd pulled Buck aside and told him he's there if Buck wants to talk about it but that he wouldn't push, and he remains admirably true to his word. He keeps a close eye on Buck through their next few calls, but never forces him to talk about it, and never doubts his ability to get the job done.

When they actually manage nearly an hour back at the station, Buck notices that Bobby keeps himself within sight of Buck whenever possible, standing shoulder to shoulder with him as he cleans the truck, sitting across from him as they sit down to a family style dinner.

A tiny part of Buck bristles at the attention. He's hardly a new recruit, fresh from training. He's a fully-trained, fully-capable member of the LAFD and doesn't need to be coddled.

A much, much larger part of him appreciates it more than he can ever express. Just having the Alpha nearby has helped to soothe his nerves. The warm notes of cedarwood that fill the space around the steadfast Alpha are subtle, yet they provide Buck with a sense of calm that seems to seep right into his soul.

He suspects Bobby knows this.

And while Bobby's been a silent and stalwart presence since they returned from that call, Eddie's become a second shadow.

A very tactile, talkative shadow.

Buck knows what Eddie is trying to do — the Alpha has been his best friend for over two years now, and Buck knows the man almost better than he knows himself — so all of the pats on the back and quick squeezes to his shoulder come as no surprise at all. It's how Eddie checks in, how he provides comfort.

The non-stop chatter, Buck knows, is Eddie's way of trying to keep Buck occupied. To keep him from dwelling on what happened.

Buck doesn't have the heart to tell him that he's still going to feel guilty about losing that Omega, even if they're discussing Christopher's latest science project.

He doesn't spiral, though. And he's sure he would have if not for the presence of the two Alphas. They keep him balanced and level through the rest of their shift, and Buck couldn't possibly be more grateful. He knows things would have gone very differently for him if he'd tried to get through it alone.

As day gives way to night, though, as he levels out a little with the ever present scent of the two Alpha's surrounding him, the whirlwind of emotions that's been battering him all day takes a sharp and unexpected turn. While he's drying the dishes that Eddie is washing after dinner, there's suddenly nothing more that he wants than to lose himself in the heat of another body. To forget completely, just for a few minutes, about the soul crushing pain in that Omega's eyes before she went over the edge. As hard as he's tried to leave Buck 1.0 behind, he knows that mindless sex is the best way to turn off his brain, and tonight, he's willing to make an exception to his one night stand rule.

There's still almost ten hours left in their shift, but Buck knows exactly what he intends to do when it's over.

The evening keeps them busy, with calls to a small house fire, a kid stuck in a laundry chute, and an Alpha trying to break into an Omega's apartment (the Alpha was taken to hospital handcuffed to the stretcher and pumped full of sedatives, and somehow still absolutely feral. None of them say it, but they all suspect Mirage is responsible, and Bobby and Eddie stay especially close to Buck at the scene).

They still manage a couple hours uninterrupted at the station, shortly after midnight, most of the team hitting the bunk room for a little bit of shut eye. And while Buck tries to sleep, he's too amped up to really rest. The stress of the day's calls has settled beneath his skin, buzzing and leaving him restless in a way he hasn't felt in a long while.

He's just debating on getting up to work the punching bag a little, thinking it might burn off some of that anxiety, when the alarm goes off, pulling all of them into action. It's either really early in the morning, or very late at night — Buck never can decide what that time of the day is considered — but it doesn't particularly matter. Their shift ends in less than two hours, and Buck is looking forward to two full days off.

He loves his job, loves the team, but he could use the break. It's always hard after he loses someone, but after everything that's been happening this week, he needs it more than ever.

All he has to do is get through this last call.

Dispatch has them heading out to a warehouse following a report of a person in distress, but little else to go on. The 9-1-1 call ended with a shout before the dispatcher could obtain any further information.

He can feel Bobby and Eddie's gazes flitting to him the whole drive over.

Residential gives way to industrial as they speed through the streets, traffic disappearing the closer they get to the warehouse. The parking lot of the building is empty but for two cars parked near the entrance, and Buck's skin prickles as the truck comes to a stop. There's already a hint of dread pooling in his stomach, a sense of foreboding about what they're walking into. He can't explain it, but something feels *wrong*.

And the contemplative look that Bobby gives him from the front seat tells Buck that either Bobby feels the same way, or he's picked up on Buck's unease. He doesn't get to ask which it is, though, before the truck comes to a stop and they're on the move.

Thankfully, a police cruiser pulls up just as they're hopping out of the truck, and Buck doesn't think he's ever been so glad to see Athena Grant in his life. Knowing they have police back-up in case his instincts are right gives Buck some measure of security as they form a quick huddle at the front of the fire truck.

"Dispatch didn't have any information about where in the building the call came from," Bobby says, waving a hand towards the two story brick building as he speaks. "I think our best bet is to split up and do a room by room search. Athena, would you mind accompanying Chim and Hen? You three can take the left side of the building. Buck, Eddie, and I will take the right. Radio if you find anything and keep your eyes open. We don't know what we're dealing with here."

Bobby shouldn't even be going in. They all know it. As Captain, he should remain outside to oversee the operation. But the entire team seems to recognize that neither Bobby nor Eddie will be leaving Buck alone anytime soon. Athena is the only one who raises an eyebrow at the direction, but she doesn't question the order, merely nods her agreement and snaps the strap on the holster of her gun.

It's dark enough in the parking lot that even the flashing lights from the cruiser, firetruck, and ambulance aren't enough for them to notice that the front door is sitting slightly ajar until they're almost up next to it.

"Well that can't be good," Chim says, looking to Bobby for direction before any of them make a move to go in.

"Chim, Hen, stay behind me," Athena says, looking to each of them in turn with an expression that says that she'll allow no argument on the matter. Then she turns to Bobby, Buck, and Eddie and adds, "And you three, don't do anything stupid. Radio for back-up if you come across anything suspicious."

She takes a moment to call in their location and request additional units, but all of them are aware that seconds count if someone is in there, injured and in need of assistance. They don't have time to wait for back-up.

"Stick together and watch each other's backs," Bobby says firmly, then he steps forward and slips through the crack in the door, knowing the team will follow his lead.

They move in together, pausing in the entrance to let their eyes adjust to the darkness inside. The windows set high in the walls on the far end of the room let in just enough light to make

out the massive open space in the middle of the building, moonlight bouncing off of industrial racking that appears to be empty of the pallets that ought to be lining the shelves. Buck isn't sure if the warehouse is abandoned or just closed down for the night, waiting for new inventory to arrive, but it has the distinct feeling of being deserted, forgotten.

Except for the smell.

There's something in the air, an aroma caught somewhere between bitter and sweet, something that Buck can't seem to place at all, but that he instinctively knows is dangerous.

"What's that smell?" He keeps his voice hushed, the words getting lost in the vast space around them. It still draws the attention of all of his colleagues, five noses tipping up into the air, sniffing lightly.

"I don't smell anything," Bobby says, sidling up next to Buck but looking to the others for confirmation.

Hen, Chimney, and Eddie all shake their heads.

"I don't either," Athena says. "What do you smell? Gas?"

Buck breathes in, trying to put a name to the scent, but he comes up blank. "No. It's...sweet? Almost? Like berries. Only it's bitter, too. Not like rot, but like...I don't know." It's frustrating, not being able to pinpoint it even as he turns in slow circles, sniffing at the air around him.

He's literally never smelled anything quite like it. It's drawing him in while making his stomach churn, a confusing mix of physical responses that leaves him feeling almost fractured and a little bit dizzy.

"Alright, fall back. I want everyone in full protective gear," Bobby orders, herding them all to the door and back outside.

Knowing that Bobby trusts him enough to make that call kindles something warm and fragile inside of him that he's not used to feeling. None of the others seemed to notice anything out of the ordinary, but Bobby was willing to rely on Buck's assessment to order extra precautions, and having Bobby's trust like that feels pretty damn amazing.

"We all know Omega's can sometimes pick up on chemicals that Alphas and Betas can't," Bobby says as they all jog to the truck and pull out the yellow protective suits and masks that are kept for just such occasions. "From this point forward, we are operating on the assumption that there may be something airborne on site. Full gear is to be worn at all times. Understood?"

They're geared up in less than two minutes, all six of them protected from any possible chemical exposure they may encounter.

It's funny, but Buck kind of misses the scent when they walk back in.

They don't stop this time, having already used up valuable seconds just to get their gear changed. The minute they walk through the door, they fall into their two groups to start their search. Athena leads Hen and Chimney to the left, her gun drawn and steps steady, three distinct flashlight beams leading them away from the entrance. Eddie and Bobby, meanwhile, seem to have a silent conversation that lasts the span of a heartbeat, and Buck doesn't think he could have deciphered it even if the lights were on and they didn't have masks obscuring their faces.

Turns out he doesn't even need to understand the exchange to figure out exactly what it conveyed. As they walk away from the front door, Eddie takes the lead, his flashlight carefully sweeping over the area ahead as they walk, while Bobby takes up position behind Buck, bringing up the rear and keeping a steady watch from the back.

He rolls his eyes at the overly-protective Alpha behaviour, but now is not the time to remind them that he is a fully trained member of the LAFD, just like the two of them. Right now, they have a job to do.

(Right now, he also needs to give himself a harsh reminder that the two men surrounding him are his best friend and his boss — that neither of them thinks of Buck like *that* — and then force himself to viciously ignore the sudden twinge in his heart and the heat that pools low in his belly.)

They start by clearing the rooms at the side of the building. The plan is to clear the bottom floor then the top, then move to the open warehouse floor if they come up empty. The first few rooms are offices, empty of people but also bare of some of the furniture and equipment one would expect to find in an active office space. It heightens the feeling of abandonment, and Buck can't help but wonder what exactly someone was doing here in the first place if the warehouse is no longer in operation.

They're about halfway down the row of offices when a dim light becomes visible from beneath one of the doors. Eddie spins back, looking from Buck to Bobby before making a move, slowly and silently turning the knob and pushing the door in.

He doesn't say anything as he steps inside, so Buck hurries to follow him, Bobby hot on his heels.

The room looks as though it used to be two separate offices, but the wall between them has been replaced with a large plate glass window, with a door on the far side of the wall leading between the two spaces. The light that was shining from under the door is coming from the other side of the glass, where rows of metal tables are set up, completely covered in pots of a strange looking plant. There must be hundreds of small pots lining the tables, but it's the lighting system that's been rigged above them that catches their attention more than anything. Dozens of lamps sit above the plants, casting an eerie red glow on the foliage below, making them look even more otherworldly than they would on their own.

Eddie tests the door and finds that it isn't quite shut all the way, the latch having never caught on the door jam, much to Buck's surprise. Whatever is happening in the warehouse, it seems like something that he'd expect to be secured from prying eyes.

That foreboding feeling that's been taking root in his stomach seems to blossom as Eddie walks into the room.

"Cap?" Eddie calls, walking between the rows of tables.

Bobby follows Eddie in and looks around the room, his gaze darting around the space as he walks. "What have you got?"

"A grow-op of some kind?" Eddie says, unsure.

But the warning bells in Buck's mind are sounding at a full clamour now, and he has a feeling that he needs to get them out of there. Now.

"Uh, guys," Buck walks as far as the doorway, leaning against the metal frame as he speaks. "I think we need to leave."

Everything happens so quickly after that.

Eddie and Bobby both turn to look at him but their gazes almost immediately shift just over his shoulder, their eyes going wide behind their masks. Buck doesn't have time to react to their movements, to the sudden intake of breath from the two Alpha's in the room.

Something slams into Buck's back, hard enough that he hits the ground halfway into the room, barely having enough time to keep his face from hitting the ground by throwing an arm out at the last second. Eddie and Bobby call out as he's going down, but the sound is drowned out by the groan of the man that's landed on top of his back.

"Buck!" Eddie and Bobby race over while Buck is still on the ground, still trying to figure out what the hell is happening. It doesn't take long to make sense of the weight on his back, though.

Especially as the man that attacked him slams Buck back down with an unforgiving shove between his shoulder blades as he tries to push himself up, and then rocks his hips hard against Buck's ass.

He can feel the man's erection through all the layers that separates them.

Buck's heart stutters in his chest and then starts to beat hummingbird fast as a wave of fear washes over him, but he doesn't get the chance to defend himself before Eddie and Bobby are hauling the man off of him, three sets of shouting voices flooding the room as they move.

The man that had attacked Buck is clearly an Alpha, and the scent of him is cloying. *Wrong*. Buck doesn't need to have met him before to know that something is off with him, just from his scent alone. But beyond that, the way he's fighting Bobby and Eddie with a nearly superhuman strength is more than enough for Buck to hazard a guess at what's happening.

The man is in an artificial rut.

And Buck is likely the only Omega in the building.

He scrambles to his feet and backs away, moving until his back hits the wall on the far side of the room, his instincts *screaming* at him to run. Buck has no intentions of leaving his friends alone with the man, but he needs just a second to calm himself down before he can be of any help to either of them.

"He's mine!" the man shouts, breaking an arm free from Eddie's crushing grip long enough to slam a fist into the mask over Eddie's face. The hit throws Eddie back, but it also dislodges the mask, enough that Eddie just rips it off and tosses it to the ground before rushing back over to help Bobby.

Now that Eddie is no longer sealed in his suit, his pheromones are added to the mix, the usually calming scents of sycamore trees and ozone seeping into the room, but there's a bitter edge to the aroma that has Buck pinned in place, gooseflesh breaking out over his skin.

Something's not right.

The unknown Alpha is still straining to get to Buck where he stands against the wall, throwing punches and kicks that make Bobby and Eddie grunt but never let go.

"Cap, we gotta get him out!" Eddie shouts, and there's something low and threatening in his voice, something primitive and feral and *dangerous* that has Buck frozen in place.

As Eddie and Bobby work together to haul the thrashing man to the door, the out-of-control Alpha grabs hold of the hose connecting Bobby's mask to the air supply and rips it free in an effort to stay in the room, to get to Buck.

It doesn't work, and after a few more well placed hits to Bobby and Eddie's faces that make Buck cringe just to witness, the man is being tossed out of the room and Bobby is slamming the door shut behind him.

None of them expect the electronic whir and resounding *clunk* that follows as soon as the door is sealed.

"Did we just get locked in here?" Bobby asks, pulling on the door despite the fact that the riled up Alpha is on the other side, slamming on the metal that's keeping him separated from the Omega he'd intended to claim.

"Uh." Buck swallows hard around the lump in his throat and speaks quietly, watching the two Alphas from the other side of the room. "I think we have a bigger problem."

Eddie and Bobby both turn to face him, two intense gazes sweeping over him head to toe.

"I think these plants are the source of that Mirage drug," Buck says at their inquiring looks. He blows out an unsteady breath and looks between the two men as he realizes just how serious the situation is about to become. "And I think you've both been exposed."

Chapter 2

Their pheromones are nearly suffocating; altered and so obscenely potent that even with his gear on, it isn't keeping Buck protected.

He can somehow *feel* the subtle shifts in the air as their body chemistry changes due to exposure to the drug. Bobby only has a slight tinge to his scent, the cedarwood still warm and smoky, though with a hint of something bitter tugging at the edges.

Eddie though...Eddie's scent is all wrong.

And even from across the room, Buck can see his pupils dilating until the warm brown ring surrounding them is nearly gone.

Bobby looks from Buck to Eddie, confusion giving way to realization — and then horror — when he looks down at the detached hose hanging uselessly from his mask.

"We need to get out of here. Now." The note of panic in Bobby's voice only serves to heighten the anxiety that's starting to bubble up in Buck's chest. That feeling increases tenfold as Bobby turns back to the door, kicking and pulling and trying to shoulder it open, and Buck's attention turns back to Eddie.

And Eddie is...struggling.

The Alpha is grasping the table in front of him with a white-knuckled grip, his breaths coming out in short, sharp pants.

Buck can practically *see* his control slipping away.

"Um. Bobby," Buck whispers, sliding himself along the wall to the corner of the room, the farthest away from Eddie he can get while trapped in the locked space.

Bobby spins at the quiet plea, halting his assault on the door to see what's caused Buck's voice to become so small all of a sudden, but Buck never pulls his eyes from Eddie, knowing that, at the moment, Eddie is his biggest threat.

And God, that thought is surreal. Eddie is his best friend, and sure, there was that time when he honestly thought Eddie was going to take a swing at him in that grocery store, but even then, he never felt that Eddie was a danger to him.

Now...

"Dispatch, this is Captain Bobby Nash. Be advised that our current location is a Mirage grow-op. Two Alpha members of the 118 have been exposed and are trapped in a locked room with an Omega firefighter. Another exposed Alpha, a civilian, is just outside the room and requires immediate medical attention." Bobby radios for assistance before he does

anything else, though he does step away from the door and begins to angle himself between Buck and Eddie. "Requesting immediate assistance. Full hazmat gear to be utilized."

Eddie bristles as Bobby moves around him, the presence of another Alpha in the room setting off a territorial response that Buck knows will only get worse as time progresses.

"Buck," Eddie spits out through gritted teeth, his entire body trembling as he physically holds himself back. "You're gonna need to knock me out."

Bobby sucks in a shocked breath but Buck just shakes his head. "No."

"Buck," Eddie practically growls this time, muscles tensing.

"He's right, kid," Bobby says, his usual calm nowhere to be found. "We both need to be neutralized before...anything can happen."

The unspoken words hang in the air between them.

Before we hurt you.

"Bobby. This drug has killed every Alpha who hasn't mated while they're on it. Knocking you out is sentencing you to death." Despite the build-up of pheromones that's in the room, Buck stands his ground. There's no way in hell he's condemning two of the most important people in his life to death. "I'm not doing that."

"And I'm not gonna become a rapist!" Eddie barks, smashing a fist down on the table in front of him, so hard that a few of the plants tip off the edge and crash to the ground. Buck can tell he's losing the battle, *fast*, to keep hold of his self-control.

Which means Buck is running out of time to make sure the Alphas don't wind up sacrificing themselves for him.

He wouldn't be able to live with himself if they did.

He sucks in a fortifying breath and then pulls off the mask and tugs down the hood of his suit, ignoring the protests of both Alphas as he does. "The drug works on Alphas, not Omegas. I'll be fine. And besides, I'm pretty sure we're gonna be taking off a lot more than just our masks soon."

"Buck," Eddie warns, but Buck cuts him off before he can continue.

"Eddie. It's okay," Buck says quietly. He needs them to understand that, whatever happens in this room, it doesn't need to define who they are when they leave. It doesn't need to change anything. "You've been there for me so many times — both of you," Buck says, looking between the two Alphas that have been by his side through so much over the last few years. "Let me be here for you now."

Bobby doesn't look convinced. Eddie...well, Eddie looks like he's about to pounce and Buck expects he's past the point of making an informed decision about anything. So Buck turns his attention back to Bobby and plays the ace up his sleeve

"Please don't make me watch you die."

Bobby's shoulders slump in defeat just as the sound of a body slamming against the window cuts into the near silence of the space. Bobby and Buck nearly jump out of their skin, but Eddie merely growls at the interruption before whipping his head back to Buck.

Buck feels like he's watching a tennis match as his eyes bounce back and forth between the Alpha as he starts to rip off his protective clothing, and the sudden commotion outside the room. The source of the resounding crash was Athena slamming the unknown Alpha against the glass, cuffing his hands behind his back while yelling at him to stand down. At the same time, Chim runs to the door and Hen rummages through their bag searching for something that might help.

Eddie, though, has managed to shed the yellow hazmat suit and is stalking towards Buck, looking every inch the predator as he crosses the room.

"Firefighter Diaz!" Athena shouts through the thick glass, the words muffled and almost indistinguishable. "Stop! Now!"

Eddie doesn't even acknowledge her.

Buck is only an inch or two away from the wall but somehow Eddie still manages to slam him into it hard enough to make his teeth rattle as the weight of the Alpha crashes into him, lips latching onto Buck's neck before Buck has even remembered how to breathe.

And having Eddie pressed up against him like this, his pheromones flooding the space until Buck feels like he's practically drowning in them, is downright intoxicating, even if the scent is a little off — a little sharper than it ought to be. He can hear Bobby and Athena shouting through the glass at one another, hears Bobby explain the situation, but Buck is too lost in the feeling of Eddie rutting up against him and the erection that's pressing into his thigh to pay it any mind.

At least, not until Athena shouts his name.

"Buck!" She yells, rapping the butt of her gun against the window to catch his attention. It works, too, but as soon as he looks towards Athena, Eddie seems to realize another Alpha is encroaching on his territory and his grip around Buck becomes crushing, fingertips digging into Buck's right hip and left bicep until he would swear he can feel the bruises forming.

Buck gasps and throws his head back against the wall, forcing himself to breathe through the ache. He knows it's going to get so much more intense than just a rough grip.

"It's okay, Eddie," Buck tries to soothe the man, carding a hand through his hair as he looks over to Athena, silently pleading with her to leave, though he knows she won't just walk away. Eddie growls but his grip lessens just a little, enough that it doesn't feel like he's trying to crush him anymore.

"I can shoot this glass and have you out of there before this goes any further." The offer is genuine, tinged with a worry that he's not used to hearing from the rigid Alpha.

He shakes his head vehemently, but holds off on answering, nervous about setting Eddie off again now that his focus has shifted to peeling Buck out of the yellow suit.

"You sure about this, Buckaroo?" It's Chimney this time, perched beside Athena in the window, concern radiating off him in waves. It's only now that Buck notices the unknown Alpha on the ground next to Hen, still cuffed but hooked up to an IV and, by the looks of it, heavily sedated.

Buck's blood is already rushing south, arousal pooling low in his belly despite the nervous flutter that's making itself known there, as well. But he pushes that all aside and wraps a hand around the back of Eddie's neck as he answers his team.

"They're already exposed," Buck says, then moans as Eddie's teeth sink into the meat of his shoulder, almost but not quite hard enough to break the skin. "I won't let them die."

As he speaks, Eddie starts tugging Buck's shirt up, pulling it off over his head and tossing it aside and then moving to the fly of his pants, nearly ripping the button clear from the fabric in his haste to get it undone.

"You know we're gonna have to come in there at some point? We're gonna have to get all three of you out of there and away from that poison?" It's a statement, not a question, but Buck appreciates what Athena is trying to do. She's trying to keep herself as non-threatening as possible to the Alphas on the other side of the glass now that she's seen how Eddie reacted to her presence.

But it doesn't seem to matter because Eddie is stripping Buck down like they're the only two people in the world, tugging off pants and underwear at the same time, jerking off his shoes and socks as he pulls it all from his body. Buck is reeling, head spinning at just how fast everything is happening, when a single sound seems to make the entire world stop.

Bobby fucking *snarls*.

Even Athena takes a step back from the glass at the sound, so territorial and fierce that Buck's entire body begins to shake.

Honestly, with the commotion of everything going on, Buck had kind of forgotten about the man for a moment. Between trying to reassure the team that this is his choice, and the anxiety-laden sense of euphoria that's flooding his system at having Eddie pawing at his body, Bobby sort of became an afterthought.

He's sure as fuck not an afterthought anymore.

Bobby moves slowly, purposefully. He pulls the mask off his face and tosses it to the floor as he walks towards Buck, eyes sliding over Buck's bared body like he's cataloguing what's about to be his. And goddamn if that doesn't make Buck's cock twitch where it's rapidly filling against his thigh.

It's only when Eddie launches himself to his feet that Buck realizes just how badly things are about to go.

"Back the fuck off," Eddie growls, baring his teeth as Bobby approaches.

And Bobby attacks.

It happens so fast that Buck doesn't even see Bobby swing until his fist connects with Eddie's jaw, snapping the Alpha's head back, but by the time Buck's brain catches up, Eddie is already shaking it off and throwing punches of his own.

"Stop!" Buck shouts, dodging at the last second to mostly avoid an errant fist that flies his way as Eddie blocks Bobby's right hook, though it still clips his left cheekbone and sends him staggering back a few steps. But the Alphas seem to have forgotten Buck's presence altogether for the moment, their need to assert dominance overshadowing everything else. Both of them are already bleeding, a split lip for Eddie and a bloody nose for Bobby, and Buck knows that it will only get worse if he doesn't figure out some way to get their attention back on him. "Bobby! Eddie!"

Calling out doesn't help. The two men are so focused on each other as they circle around one another, fists raised and teeth bared, that it's going to take something a hell of a lot stronger than his shouts to break them apart.

Buck has never felt more helpless than he does as Bobby swings wide, trying to get past Eddie's guard, but Eddie ducks it and lands two quick jabs to the center of Bobby's chest, punching the air from his lungs with an audible whoosh. Eddie takes the opportunity to knock Bobby's legs out from beneath him with a well-placed kick to the back of his knees, and soon Eddie is on top of Bobby, raining down blows while still trying to protect himself from Bobby's fists as they wildly swing up at him.

Out of options, Buck turns to the only thing that might break them apart.

He's already leaking slick, his body responding to the influx of pheromones in the room the way it was designed to, getting him ready to to be knotted and bred. It doesn't take much to reach back and run his fingers through it, though he does suck in one deep breath before he can convince himself to step forward.

Eddie is just pulling his elbow up above his head, ready to deliver what is sure to be a knockout blow, when Buck steps beside him and swipes his slicked up fingers beneath the Alpha's nose, smearing his slick on the skin there, making sure his scent becomes the only thing the Alpha knows.

The effect is instantaneous.

Eddie's head jerks to Buck, a rumbling growl building in his chest, but this time the sound is all lust.

Bobby uses the distraction to shoot his arm straight up, the heel of his hand smashing Eddie's jaw up with a sickening crunch that sends him sprawling backwards onto the floor. Before Bobby can get up and finish what he's started, Buck leans in and runs his finger over the soft skin between the Alpha's nose and lip, ensuring both men's attention is now fully on him.

Buck uses the sudden stillness in the room to take stock of his surroundings. Eddie is still on the floor, stunned and barely conscious, his gaze wavering in and out as he tries to focus on Buck. Bobby is caught halfway to sitting, suddenly rendered immobile as his body switches from fight to mate.

And the team is standing at the window, horror-struck.

Buck really, *really* doesn't want them to witness what happens next.

"Go. We'll be fine," Buck says as quietly as he can while still managing to be heard through the thick glass. "Give us an hour or so, just to make sure they can both breed me, and then you can come get us out."

"Buck," Hen says from where she's now at the window with the others, her hand splayed on the glass like she wants nothing more than to get in there and protect him.

"It's okay. Really." Buck looks back to the two Alpha's, the two men that he loves more than anything, and some of the tension drains from his body. He knows that what's about to happen will be rough, will probably hurt in a way he's never felt before, but he's willing to do damn near anything to keep Bobby and Eddie alive. "We'll be okay. Make sure hazmat and trauma teams are ready, just in case."

There's a moment of tense, heartstopping silence when Buck thinks that the team will say no. That they're going to find a way to get them out of there, now, even if it risks the lives of their two Alphas. He's almost dizzy with relief, then, when Chimney finally speaks.

"Good luck, Buck. Hang in there, okay?" It's not surprising that Chimney is the first to accept Buck's decision, but still, Buck couldn't be more grateful. Knowing that someone is on his side here helps to tame the microscopic doubts that are burrowing into his brain. "All three of you are getting out of there alive, you hear me?"

Buck nods and unconsciously takes half a step back as Bobby pushes himself off the floor. He just barely has time to see Athena, Hen, and Chimney load up their unknown Alpha and leave the room before Bobby's lips crash into his, his tongue forcing its way into Buck's mouth as he walks them backwards until Buck is trapped between the Alpha's body and the wall behind him.

It's only when Bobby's hand snakes between them and grabs hold of Buck's cock, warm fingers wrapping around the shaft and starting a punishing pace, that Buck breaks the kiss with a startled moan.

"Gonna breed you, Omega. Make you mine. Split you open."

Buck doesn't know if it's a threat or a promise and, frankly, doesn't care. Because right now his body is screaming at him to mate, to submit and be claimed. And he has no interest in fighting it.

"Yes. Take me."

The words are barely out of his mouth before Bobby is spinning him around and shoving him face first against the wall, two fingers sinking into Buck's body as Bobby's free hand splays open between his shoulder blades

"So wet," Bobby hums, pumping his fingers in quick strokes. "Gonna feel so good."

Bobby only works him for a few seconds before both hands pull free of Buck's body, but when Buck starts to pull away from the wall, Bobby's voice breaks low and demanding into the space between them.

"Stay."

It's a command — one Buck couldn't disobey even if he wanted to. So he settles himself back against the wall, cheek, chest, and palms pressed against the cool surface, waiting for what he knows is coming. The rustle of clothes behind him tells him that Bobby is stripping down, so he's not at all surprised when the heat of a body presses up against him. He *is* a little surprised when Bobby slams home with one vicious thrust, his cock forcing its way into Buck's woefully unprepared hole.

"Fuck!" Buck shouts, clawing for purchase on the wall as Bobby starts fucking into him hard and fast, giving him no time to adjust to the feeling of being stretched open and filled. Tears well in his eyes, stinging hot before they stream down his cheeks while his cry cuts off, caught behind the lump in his throat. By the time he gets his words back, the burn has faded, doused by the pleasure that washes through him every time Bobby hits that sweet spot inside of him.

But just as he's sinking into the rhythm, Eddie's voice breaks into the fog of *pleasurepain* he's feeling.

"He's mine," Eddie warns, pulling himself from the floor.

Bobby slams into him extra hard and then freezes there, pinning Buck to the wall with his surprisingly toned body.

"Guys, I can take you both," Buck pants, voice thick with unshed tears. His breaths are still coming out just a little too fast, the whiplash of sensations in his body leaving him off-center and just a little stunned. "You just need to share. Please. We need to make this work."

He wriggles beneath Bobby, enough that he pushes them both away from the wall without ever dislodging the cock from his ass. He manages to maneuver them so he's facing Eddie with Bobby behind him, and before either man can object, he folds himself in half, keeping his ass aligned with Bobby while putting his face at the perfect height for Eddie to guide himself into his mouth.

"Fuck me from both ends. Please. Fill me up." He clenches around Bobby's cock as he begs them both, praying that he can convince them to share him rather than resorting to fighting once again. They're both going to need to knot him for their best chance of survival, and that is the *only* outcome he's willing to accept. "Eddie, please. Fuck my face."

He can't see Bobby with how he's bent over, but he can tell that Eddie is still eyeing Bobby with something that borders on hatred, so he reaches out and tugs the Alpha closer, quickly working the button and fly of his pants as he does. As soon as Eddie's pants are undone, Buck has him pulled out of his underwear and guides him directly into the heat of his mouth.

The hungry groan he gets in response is *exactly* what he's hoping for.

One leisurely bob of Buck's head and Eddie's hands are tangling in his hair, gripping tight until he's fisting Buck's locks and Buck has just enough time to suck in a breath before Eddie is snapping his hips, dragging Buck's head forward as he does, pushing into the tight confines of his throat with even less warning that Bobby had given him.

Despite his best efforts, Buck chokes and coughs around the length as it rams into his throat over and over, only ever pulling back enough to allow Buck the smallest sips of air to keep from passing out as Eddie uses him for his pleasure.

It's only a few seconds after Eddie starts that Bobby begins to really pound into him again.

It's even less time until the two Alphas are using his holes as a battle for dominance, fucking him harder and faster until all he knows is the feeling of their cocks spearing into him.

Bobby grabs hold of his hands from Eddie's hips with a growl, yanking them back and holding onto each wrist with a grip so ruthless that he can feel the bones grinding together inside, but he can't cry out, can't do anything but try and keep his balance as they thrust into him brutally. With his hands out of commission, he can't even steady himself when one or the other snaps their hips just a little too hard.

His body has become theirs to use.

As Eddie's pace picks up, he allows Buck fewer and fewer opportunities to suck in a breath, until black spots burst into Buck's vision and he realizes that the Alpha isn't going to stop. It's not going to matter if Buck loses consciousness, if he suffocates on the cock that's pounding into his throat, if he aspirates on the come when Eddie eventually shoots his load. Eddie is too far gone to consider the consequences of his actions. He's chasing the need to knot and breed, and that's all that matters to him at the moment.

So as those black spots begin to grow and spread like a cancer, Buck only prays that he lasts long enough to get both of his Alphas through this ordeal.

He wakes up on his knees, still bent in half at the waist, held up only by Bobby's unrelenting grip on his wrists. The strain on his shoulders from having his entire body weight hanging from that grip is excruciating, but he doesn't have the strength just yet to adjust himself, so he merely breathes through the pain. Eddie's sitting on the floor in front of him, his cock still hard but coated in come and drool, and Buck can feel both liquids dripping from his lips, too. He's honestly a little surprised that he's still alive.

"Eddie," Buck rasps, coughing as he attempts to speak, to make sure the Alpha isn't starting to shut down, organs failing from the drug in the air since he still hasn't knotted. But Eddie just threads a hand through Buck's hair — far more gentle this time than he was before.

“Good Omega,” Eddie whispers.

Bobby is still grunting, still fucking into him harder than Buck’s ever taken it before, but Eddie seems softer somehow. Like the orgasm helped to take the frenetic edge off.

He hopes it works the same for Bobby, because Bobby’s knot is inflating, tugging at Buck’s rim with each pump in and out of his body, and Buck doesn’t know what he’s going to do if Bobby doesn’t come down a little once they’ve knotted. Buck’s pretty sure he won’t survive if Bobby tries to pull out once they’re joined. Physically, while devastating, it would be survivable. Emotionally, though...

Losing the connection while knotted might just be the one thing that Buck can’t come back from.

He can’t help but wonder if that’s what happened with the call at the parking garage earlier. The Omega said it was her mate that hurt her, but it didn’t seem to be the physical wounds that caused the despair rooted so deep in her spirit. It was something more profound. Something soul-crushing.

Something like an out-of-control Alpha breaking that bond.

The tears that form in his eyes this time aren’t from the aches that are pulsing throughout his body.

When Eddie reaches down and thumbs the tears away, Buck doesn’t stand a chance at stemming their flow. So they flow down his cheeks as Bobby’s knot finally catches on his rim, no longer able to pull from his body, and Buck knows that, one way or another, he’s about to find out just how far gone Bobby truly is.

It’s maybe a dozen more stunted thrusts before Bobby jerks Buck’s body back with a violent tug of his arms, but Buck’s shout is drowned out by the animalistic howl that rips from Bobby’s lungs and bounces through the room.

Bobby’s grip doesn’t ease up until he’s shot the last of his load as deep as he can inside of Buck. Once he does, once his cock has spurted the last of his seed, Bobby finally releases Buck’s wrists, his hands shifting instead to the Omega’s hips as he pants above Buck. And Buck would have face planted on the ground at the abrupt change if it weren’t for Eddie shifting to catch him.

Like this, his face is just next to Eddie’s cock, and he doesn’t even think twice about lapping at it when it twitches at the feel of his breath ghosting over the skin. His movements are slow, sluggish, but he manages to lick Eddie clean before anyone breaks the sudden stillness of the room.

When Bobby shifts his legs, pulling back ever so slightly until his knot is just starting to tug at Buck’s rim, Buck stops his ministrations and sucks in a sharp breath, terrified that Bobby is about to pull away. "Bobby, please."

He needn't have worried, though, because Bobby seems to be shifting to get them more comfortable. The Alpha wraps an arm around Buck's waist and tugs him backwards, keeping himself fully seated as he sits back against the wall with Buck on his lap, pinned on his dick. Once they're settled, Bobby wraps both arms around Buck — one over his shoulder and across his chest, the other around his abdomen — and begins to lick and nip at his neck.

It's kind of nice.

But as he looks over at Eddie — whose eyes are locked on where Bobby and Buck are joined together, an insatiable hunger written in every line on his face — he knows that the reprieve will be short lived. Because Eddie still needs to claim what's his. Still needs to knot and breed Buck.

And it looks like he's ready to do that right now.

Chapter 3

When Eddie pushes to his knees and starts to shuffle forward, Buck's heart jumps into overdrive. He knows *exactly* what the Alpha is thinking — his intentions are telegraphing so clearly that Buck is sure half of Los Angeles knows what Eddie plans to do — but Buck doesn't think that he can handle it.

He's been double penetrated before, but not by two rut-blind Alphas and definitely not while one of those Alphas has already knotted him.

"Eddie," Buck breathes out. His voice is so shaky that the word is hardly recognizable. He holds his hands up in front of him, palms out, hoping to hold the Alpha off just a little longer. Thick bands of bruises are already beginning to form on his wrists, the same size as Bobby's hands, but he ignores that fact for now, focusing all of his energy on the Alpha. "Eddie, wait."

But he can sense the swell of Eddie's scent as his rut starts to take over the rational part of his mind once again.

Eddie isn't going to listen to reason.

Besides that, as he gets closer, Buck starts to notice the sweat beading on Eddie's forehead and upper lip, the suddenly sallow cast to his skin, the way his hands are starting to shake with a fine tremor that Buck recognizes from too many calls over the last few days.

Eddie is about to go into full-blown system failure.

He needs to knot.

Now.

Buck drops his hands in defeat. There isn't another choice — at least, not one that he could live with the consequences of — so no matter how much it hurts, he's going to suck it up and take it.

"Right. Just give us a minute to get ready, okay?" Buck honestly isn't sure if Eddie can even hear him at this point. The Alpha's pupils are blown so wide that his eyes are completely black, wild, and there's something savage and ferocious in the way his body moves, like he's hardly even human anymore.

Thankfully, Bobby is still riding the endorphins of his orgasm — which, according to the surviving Alphas that used the drug, is like nothing they'd ever experienced before. Otherwise, Eddie's domineering, feral behaviour would be sure to end in bloodshed. As it stands, Bobby is amenable enough to shifting his position so he's lying on his back on the floor, his hips still twitching up into Buck as he rides out their connection.

Buck leans back until he's pressed against Bobby's chest and spreads his legs wide, an invitation that leaves Eddie growling, a low, sustained rumbling that starts in the Alpha's

chest and seems to seep into Buck's skin, making his blood vibrate in time with the sound.

It also causes Bobby to wrap his arms around Buck again and hold him tight against his chest. Bobby may not be in the throes of a full rut at the moment, but that sure as hell doesn't mean he's not still a danger. The man is still going to be territorial and Buck can only hope the pleasure of having another cock sliding against his keeps Bobby from freaking the fuck out about another Alpha encroaching on his claim.

He doesn't have to wait long to find out.

Every other time Buck's been double penetrated, his partners have added a finger or two to his hole after the first dick is inside of him, stretching the muscle and preparing him to take a second. Even then, the initial push of a second cock had been...intense, bordering on painful for a few seconds until the pleasure took over.

Eddie doesn't have the presence of mind to prep him. He gets himself in place, straddling Bobby's thighs and pushing Buck's legs up and back until he's crying out as Bobby's knot tugs painfully at his rim, threatening to rip free. Eddie doesn't stop, but Bobby growls and snaps his hips up, burying himself deeper in Buck's body, refusing to lose the connection, and Buck breathes out a relieved sigh at having Bobby more securely locked inside of him.

The relief is short lived.

Eddie grabs hold of his cock and lines it up with Buck's already stretched rim, nudging at the puffy tissue for only a second before he's forcing his way into Buck's body.

Buck screams and tries to pull back, his body instinctively trying to move away from the white hot pain of being torn open from the inside, but between Eddie's crushing grip on his thighs, Bobby's knot, and the unrelenting hold Bobby has on Buck's torso, there's nowhere for him to go.

His vision whites out as the pain blooms inside of him, taking over his entire world, and it only intensifies as Eddie slowly slides back out, his cock dragging over inflamed and abused tissue. When Eddie snaps his hips and slams back in, Buck loses the ability to think, to breathe.

But even through the pain, the pleasure remains a quiet but steady undercurrent just beneath the surface, and with each pass over his prostate, Buck grows harder and harder, until his choked off sobs become hitched moans and he finally stops struggling against the men fucking into him.

The more Eddie moves, the more Bobby is pulled from his blissed out state. Soon enough, both of them are thrusting into him, their cocks moving together deep in his body and even though it still aches, the pleasure (and the knowledge that the two men he's been a little in love with for years are inside of him, together) builds to a crescendo and it isn't long before Buck is painting his own stomach in warm ropes of come.

His hands scramble to grip something, *anything*, as both men continue pounding into him, his pleasure teetering back towards pain as he becomes blindingly oversensitive. He winds up

with one hand fisting Eddie's hair and the other wrapped over Bobby's forearm, fingernails digging into flesh as Buck's lungs refuse to work and his nerve endings seem to catch fire, but still they don't stop.

They don't even slow down.

"Fuck!" Buck shouts as a second orgasm slams into him and he's relatively certain he's never come so hard before, but it feels like his skin is pulsing in time with his heart, like his entire body may just crack apart at the seams, especially when he feels Eddie's knot begin to grow.

He's not sure whose hand wraps around his cock — he's too lost in the complicated mix of sensations and emotions that are nearly suffocating him to make sense of much of anything — but Bobby is whispering filthy fucking things into his ear as he holds him down and Eddie is nipping at the skin on the inside of his knee and Buck is pretty sure that he leaves his body altogether.

He doesn't come back to himself at all until one of the Alpha's moans and suddenly there's a warmth blooming inside of him and two knots splitting him open and someone is still thrusting, still grunting as they work to get off, but Buck doesn't feel like his body is his own anymore and can't seem to pinpoint the direction of the sound, of the movement.

Even when he ends up coming, again, it's like he's feeling it second-hand, an invisible barrier keeping him from settling in his skin completely, like it's not really *his* body experiencing that acute bliss at all.

Time sort of floats around him after that.

He's aware of more come flooding his insides, even hears his own wanton moan echo through the space at the feeling of being bred, but it could have been minutes or hours leading up to it. He just has no way of knowing.

In the immediate aftermath, though, he finally starts to discern his surroundings.

Bobby's arms are caging him in still, but the hold is so much lighter now, almost tender, and Buck nearly weeps at the feeling of being held like that. Like he's precious cargo. Like Bobby truly cares.

Eddie is practically collapsed on top of Buck, shoulders rising and falling heavily as he works to catch his breath, but his hand is in Buck's hair, moving in a soothing motion that feels an awful lot like love.

Between the two of them, Buck's heart swells and patters in his chest as it begs for more, as it pleads to have *this* — to have Bobby and Eddie as mates and partners and lovers and friends — always and forever. His mind, at least, remains realistic, knowing that this will all come to an end soon and everything will, somehow, go back to how it was before, even if he'll never be able to forget how it feels to have their cocks in him, to know what their kisses and their come tastes like.

He knows it can't last.

Even if he wants it to.

And maybe it's because both Alpha's are high on Mirage and orgasms and are kissing along either side of his neck so gently; maybe it's because they're both locked inside of him, filling him so full of their seed that he would swear his belly is popping out; but Buck has never felt so full, so *content* in his life.

"I love you," he whispers into the room, letting the words flutter around them like hummingbirds, knowing Bobby and Eddie will never remember hearing them once they come down, but needing to say it before the words swell in his chest any further and crack open his rib cage. "Fuck, I love you both so much."

He tries to blink back the tears when the only response is both Alphas suddenly pulling back, the warm kisses on his neck disappearing all at once, but a few escape anyways, running down the sides of his face only to get lost in his hair. But then Eddie is licking up the tear track on the left side of his face before crashing their lips together, and Bobby's grip tightens possessively as he whispers, "Love you. Gonna make you mine."

Eddie's growl rolls into Buck's mouth just before he pulls back and looks down to Bobby and snarls, "Mine."

The tiny hairs on the back of Buck's neck stand at attention as he catches a whiff of the bitter twist to the scents rolling off the two men, that primal possessiveness cresting at the threat of the other Alpha claiming their prize. He does his best to remain calm, hoping that his own pheromones will help to soothe the rising tensions, but his heart is beginning to race in his chest and it's impossible to keep as calm as he needs.

If the Alphas start fighting again now, Buck will be trapped between them with no way to help them or himself. At least, until one or both of them rip free.

Just the idea of that happening has Buck breaking out in a cold sweat, terror coiling around the base of his spine and spreading tendrils up his back.

"Guys," he rasps. His throat is already sore from Eddie fucking his face earlier, but now it's desert dry as well and he has to swallow a few times before he can try again. "Please don't do this."

But he can feel Bobby's muscles tensing below him and Eddie's above and he's afraid it might be too late. His only saving grace is that one of their knots seems to be deflating, easing the pressure that's pinning him in place. He just needs to slow them down a little.

He can't reach Bobby from where he is, but he can certainly reach Eddie, so he wraps a hand around the back of his head and tugs him down while he surges up, locking their lips together, even as Bobby's grip turns vice-like as he tries to tug Buck back down.

With Bobby stuck beneath them, he's slightly less of a threat, even as his fingers dig into Buck's skin hard enough to make him gasp. Buck holds his ground, though, because the kiss seems to slow Eddie down and help to tame the aggressive streak that's rearing its ugly head.

It doesn't last for long, but it's enough.

As Eddie pulls back, tugging Buck's bottom lip along with him until it slips free between his teeth, Bobby's cock slips free of Buck's hole. Buck hisses at the loss, but suddenly things don't seem quite so insurmountable any more. With only one of them knotting him, he stands a chance at keeping them from killing each other.

With Bobby no longer locked in Buck's body, the Alpha starts to wriggle his way out from where he'd been trapped, but Buck twists at the waist as soon as he starts to move, contorting himself so that he can grab Bobby's shoulders and pull him in for a deep and filthy kiss before he can fully get free. The action causes Eddie to thrust his hips as hard as he can, a reminder to Buck and Bobby both that he's still knotting and filling the Omega, but he makes no move to interfere otherwise.

When Buck feels Bobby start to grow hard once again, he trails the fingers of his left hand down the Alpha's side, over his hip, and across to his growing erection, praying he can keep him content with his hand until Eddie's knot deflates. He honestly doesn't think he can handle being double knotted again.

He's fucking sore, and not in a good way. His entire body feels like one big bruise and his ass fucking aches. He's sure there's some tearing down there already and the idea of taking both men again leaves him queasy and more than a little afraid.

Luck, for once, seems to be on his side, though.

While Bobby's kisses become increasingly frantic, his mouth moving to Buck's jaw and neck and shoulders, soft lips turning to painful bites, he stays put, allowing Buck's hand job to get him good and ready. And it isn't long before Buck feels the pressure in his tender channel decrease once again as Eddie's knot deflates and he slowly slips free.

Buck nearly sobs at the feeling of being so empty after everything that's happened, but no sooner is Eddie free than he's on his feet, wrapping his hands around Buck's waist and jerking him off the floor and away from Bobby with a shout of, "Mine."

His head spins at the sudden change, and Buck just barely finds his footing in time to keep from crumpling to the ground.

As soon as Eddie makes his move, Bobby pushes himself to his feet, teeth bared and a look of absolute murder in his eyes.

It's terrifying.

Buck has seen Bobby angry before, but never like this. Never like he's ready to tear another Alpha apart with just his teeth and hands. With how Eddie is holding him back — half behind his body with an arm possessively barred across Buck's torso — Buck can't see the expression on Eddie's face, but he imagines it mirrors Bobby's almost exactly.

And Buck doesn't think that enticing them with his slick is going to be enough to cut it this time.

It doesn't mean he won't try, though.

Buck lays his hands on Eddie's arm, firmly pushing it down, intending to throw himself in the middle of the battle that's about to begin, but Eddie's head whips over to him with such force that Buck actually winces. The command comes out as a deep rumble from the Alpha's chest, freezing Buck in place.

"Stay."

Feet locked in place, unable to act against the command, Buck starts to panic about how he can intervene if he can't even move, when that becomes the least of his problems.

Because Bobby's next words aren't a threat to the Alpha that's trying to steal Buck away.

They're an order to Buck himself.

"Come here."

And if Buck thought he was in pain before, it is absolutely *nothing* compared to now. The contradictory orders sink through his skin and blood and into every single molecule inside of him in a battle for supremacy that neither can win. It's like the atoms of his body are slowly ripping apart, tearing not only his flesh into tiny pieces, but his soul as well.

It's pure torture.

He thinks he might be screaming, thinks that the blood he tastes on the back of his tongue probably means he is, but he can't focus on anything but the black hole that's spreading inside of him, consuming him completely.

At least, until Bobby is pressed up against his front, arms wrapped tight around him, whispering, "Stop," over and over and over until the pain begins to ebb.

Eddie lodges himself against Buck's back, bracketing him in place, lips brushing over the shell of his ear, repeating the same thing as Bobby, telling him to stop.

Once the pain fades away, the two Alphas are the only thing keeping Buck upright. There's no strength left in his body and his mind is suddenly nothing but ash, the burned out remains of the war between Bobby and Eddie.

The lips that land on his neck are soft. Gentle. Protective, for once, rather than possessive, but they still burn his skin. He feels like he's been splayed open, raw nerves exposed to the world, and he whimpers as Bobby's lips move on one side of his throat while Eddie's move on the other, all traces of their battle for dominance having faded away.

Both of them whisper assurances between kisses, though, telling him he's safe now, and it's like a balm to his wounds. The feeling of security increases with every whispered promise of, "I'll take care of you," or "You're safe here, Omega." Even the quiet repetition of, "Mine," feels more like a promise than a threat all of a sudden.

Until, with a subtle twist to the scent that's saturating the air, the whispered "Mine," coming from both of the Alpha's suddenly becomes, "Ours."

The swirl of sensations inside of him steals his breath away. The agony that had been coursing through his veins is abruptly tempered by the arousal and hope that floods his system at the simple word, and Buck's whimpers turn from pain to desperation so quickly that his head spins and he drops his forehead to Bobby's shoulder, closing his eyes against the world.

It's Eddie's mouth that lands on Buck's bonding gland first, on the right side of his neck, at the juncture of his shoulder. He sucks to start, hard enough that Buck knows he'll be left with one hell of a hickey, and an indescribable pleasure slams into him like a fucking freight train.

But just as he thinks that he might float away from the feeling of having his bonding gland toyed with like that, Bobby's mouth latches over the gland on the left side of his neck, sucking just as hard as Eddie.

"Fuck!" Buck shouts, his cock filling so fast that it hurts. After the pain earlier, the pleasure seems infinitely magnified and he thinks he might just come from this alone. "Yes!"

And then, as one, Bobby and Eddie bite down.

Hard.

Buck's never come so hard in his life.

He's heard accounts of what it feels like for a bond to settle in, but nothing could have ever prepared him for how fucking *loved* he feels as the bond with both Alphas snaps into place. He lets out one sharp, piercing cry and then breaks down into tears, sobbing between the two men that he'll be connected to for the rest of their lives.

Unfortunately, the team chooses that moment to come back in, fully kitted out and armed with reinforcements.

Buck can't even find the words to tell them what's happened, that his tears are not those of pain, but of a soul deep *wholeness*, before they're breaking the window and everything goes to hell.

Both Alphas spin to block Buck from the intrusion, but with their mouths covered in blood and with the aggressive stances they're taking, Buck isn't surprised at all when two tranquilizer darts sail through the air, embedding into Bobby and Eddie's chests with perfect accuracy.

Bobby's gaze shifts from the arrow in his skin to the one in Eddie's, then he spins to Buck, eyes frantically raking over his body to make sure he's safe, their new bond overriding everything else for just a moment.

Eddie, meanwhile, rips the dart from his chest and launches himself towards the team, clearly perceiving them as a threat and not the friends that they are.

"No!" Buck shouts, but it's too late. Another tranquilizer dart whizzes through the air, hitting Eddie in the other side of his chest just as he's leaping through the space where the window used to be.

Eddie crumples to the ground as soon as his feet touch down, and Bobby isn't far behind, swaying where he stands, using his body to shield Buck even as he fights the pull of unconsciousness.

It's a losing battle.

Bobby hits the ground as the team starts moving in, med kits and backboards in hand. And without his Alphas to hold him up, Buck can't keep himself upright any longer.

Chimney catches him before he collapses completely, helping to lower him to the ground as gently as he can.

"Oh, Buck," Chim whispers as he looks over Buck's bruised and bloody form, but Buck only has eyes for his Alphas. He can't get to Eddie right now, but he shakes off Chimney's hands easily enough and crawls over to Bobby where he's laying only a few feet away, the tranq having knocked him out completely. "Buck, buddy, we need to check you out and make sure you're okay," Chimney says quietly when Buck continues to brush off his attempts to examine him.

Buck knows he must look like shit — he can feel every damn one of the bruises and bitemarks that litter his body — but right now, all he wants is to be curled up with his Alphas and his heart twists painfully in his chest because he can't.

It's not supposed to be like this.

So he curls up against Bobby's side, ignoring the commotion in the room around him as medics, firefighters, and a hazmat team move in and out, containing the plants and attending to Eddie, Bobby, and Buck. And with his head on Bobby's chest, listening to the steady patter of the heart that he now shares a bond with, it's easy to forget that anything else exists.

"Okay, Buck," Chimney murmurs as he pulls Buck's arm out just enough to start an IV without disturbing his hold on Bobby. "Why don't you sleep a little and we'll take care of everything else. You saved their lives. Let us take over now."

Buck closes his eyes and decides that maybe Chimney is right. Maybe, just for now, he can rest.

And so he does.

Chapter 4

He's unsurprised to wake up in the hospital.

He's also unsurprised to find that his entire body throbs, despite the painkillers that are clearly being pumped into him via the IV next to his bed.

He *is* surprised to find Athena sitting in the hard plastic visitor chair beside him, thumbs flying over her phone screen, right leg crossed casually over her left. Buck isn't sure if she heard him move or if she feels his gaze, but she looks up almost as soon as his eyes land on her.

"Hey there," she says quietly, thumbing her phone off and letting it drop to her lap. "How are you feeling?"

"Sore," Buck croaks. His voice sounds like broken glass and his throat aches from choking on Eddie's cock and screaming himself hoarse. Athena, bless her heart, has a cup of ice chips in his hand before he even thinks to ask for one. "Thank you."

She sits back in the hard plastic chair and gives him a moment to suck on a few of the ice chips before the sympathetic cast to her features begins to harden and *Athena* is replaced by *Sergeant Grant*. He takes a breath to try and head her off, but she beats him to it.

"Buck, we need to talk about whether or not you want to press charges," Athena says seriously, reaching out to lay a hand on his forearm but stopping with her hand caught mid-air, whether because she's not sure her touch would be welcome after everything he's been through or because his arm is more bruise than not, he's not sure.

"Athena—" Buck says, voice still raspy after the ice chips but it's at least a little easier to speak than before.

"I know you agreed to stay in that room with them, but look at yourself, Buck," Athena winces as her eyes flit over every part of him that's not buried beneath the blankets. Buck can only imagine how he must look. "You didn't sign up for that." She sucks in a quick breath, her eyes dropping down to his throat as she adds, "And forced bonding is a felony."

"Athena," Buck whispers, but then the words fail him. He doesn't want to be talking about this with her right now; he should be talking with his Alphas about it, not a cop (not even if that cop is a friend). And he sure as hell has no intentions of pressing charges. "I need to see them."

Athena's jaw tightens and Buck can tell she's about to tell him no.

He doesn't give her the chance.

He tosses back the blanket and pushes himself up, swinging his legs over the side of the bed with every intention of walking each damn hallway in the hospital if that's what it takes to

find Bobby and Eddie. Unfortunately, as soon as he sits up, a feeling like knives carving open his insides stops him dead in his tracks. His breath is punched from his lungs, fists curling in the sheets beside him as he waits for the pain to pass.

"Buck?"

The voice is quiet. Broken. And it has Buck's eye's peeling open, head jerking towards the door, though his fists never ease their crushing grip on the sheets, like it's the only thing keeping him together.

"Bobby." The name of the Alpha catches in his throat and stumbles over his tongue and he wants nothing more than to wrap himself in those strong arms and let him take the pain away.

But Bobby makes no move to leave his perch in the doorway, half leaning on the frame and half supporting himself on the IV stand next to him. He's in the same flimsy hospital gown as Buck, but it isn't the gown that's leaving Bobby looking three steps past terrible. It's the expression on his face.

He looks absolutely devastated.

A few tears slip down Bobby's cheeks before he whispers a shattered, "I'm so sorry," and then turns and walks away.

"Bobby?" Buck calls after him, confusion and hurt washing through him in equal measure.

And he starts to wonder if everything that happened, including the bonding, had been drug induced for Bobby (and Eddie, too). Buck had thought that, despite the biological urges being sated, that there was something there. Something more. The way Bobby and Eddie had rallied around him when their orders threatened to rip him apart made Buck believe that they truly cared for him. That they wanted him the same way he wanted them.

Now he's not so sure.

Because if Bobby felt even a fraction of what Buck does, he wouldn't have just walked away.

And *that* hurts more than anything else.

The drive he'd felt a moment ago, to go find his Alphas and be with them the way he's supposed to, goes up in smoke. There's no way in hell he's forcing his presence on them if all he is to them is a massive mistake. Even if it's a mistake they'll all have to deal with for the rest of their lives.

He can hear the soothing tones of Athena talking to him, but can't make out the words over the rushing thrum of his blood in his ears. It doesn't really matter though, because there's nothing she can say to make this any better.

There's nothing anyone can do to make this okay.

So he lays back in the bed, curling up on his side and closing his eyes against a world that he's painfully unsure how to navigate all of a sudden. He holds onto the ache that sparks

through him as he moves, a reminder of what he had for a brief moment in time. A reminder of what could have been his.

And he doesn't even try to stop the tears.

Doctors and nurses come and go, and he's vaguely aware of Athena leaving after she places a gentle hand on his head and whispers something reassuring, but Buck just sinks further and further into the well of self-doubt and hopelessness that's threatening to drown him. It's right as he thinks he may just lose himself there forever that there's a commotion in the hall — a shout to stop, a deep growl that he'd recognize anywhere, the sound of something clattering to the floor — and Buck drags his eyes open to find Eddie in his doorway. The Alpha is swaying dangerously and a thin trickle of blood is dripping down his hand, flowing from the exact same place that Buck's own IV is taped, but there's a look of determination etched so deeply into his face that Buck can hardly tear his gaze from the man.

They don't speak. Not yet. But Eddie stumbles his way into the room and crawls into the bed behind Buck, wedging himself into a space that is far too small for two grown men, and wraps an arm gently around Buck's waist.

It's like Buck can finally breathe. Like he'd been slowly suffocating since Bobby walked away and now the crushing weight on his chest just disappeared. The relief is almost overwhelming.

"Is this okay?" Eddie whispers, the heat of his breath puffing over Buck's ear.

"More than okay," Buck answers just as quietly. He wraps a hand over Eddie's where it's resting lightly on his stomach, intertwining their fingers and basking in the feel of being wrapped up in his Alpha's embrace. "You're bleeding."

Buck doesn't mind the blood that's smearing on his hand, but he needs to make sure that Eddie is alright.

"The damn IV was slowing me down," Eddie grunts between dropping gentle kisses on the back of Buck's neck. Then quieter, with a layer of guilt so thick coating the words that Buck isn't sure how Eddie got them out in the first place, he asks, "Are you okay?"

Buck's answer is interrupted by two hospital security guards and a nurse showing up at the door, clearly ready to forcibly remove Eddie from Buck's room. All three of them freeze when they see the two men comfortably curled up together.

"Mr. Buckley," the nurse says. She looks to be in her mid twenties and wholly out of her depth. "Do you want us to remove this man from your room?"

"No!" Buck says, heart jumping into his throat at the thought of being separated again. "Please."

She looks unsure for a moment, but the pleading look in Buck's eyes seems to be enough to sway her in the end. "Alright. If that changes, you just give a shout and we'll come right back, okay?" At Buck's grateful nod, she turns her attention to Eddie, expression hardening as she

says, "And you, Mr. Diaz. A nurse will be in shortly to start another IV. I expect this one to stay in. Honestly, I don't even know how you're up right now."

The last is grumbled as she turns and walks away, the two burly security guards following her lead and leaving them in peace. Buck very slowly, very carefully, shifts himself on the bed so that he can talk to Eddie, but as soon as he does, Eddie grimaces and pulls back just a little.

"Shit, Buck," Eddie whispers, one hand coming up to rest lightly on Buck's jaw. "I am so, so sorry."

Buck swallows hard and asks the question to which he's most fearing the answer. "For bonding with me?"

"No. God, no," Eddie is quick to assure him, leaning in and kissing him gently on the lips. "I'll never regret that, even if it's not how I wish it had happened. Look, can I just...lay it all on the line here?"

Leave it to Eddie to cut through all the bullshit and get straight to the heart of the matter. And as nervous as it makes Buck, the idea of clearing the air between them really does seem like their best option. He can't seem to force his mouth to actually say any of that, though, so he merely nods and then bites down on his bottom lip as he waits for an explanation that's bound to change his life, one way or another.

"I think I've been in love with you for a while," Eddie says simply, like it's no big deal. Like he didn't just drop a bombshell on Buck. "And yeah, I've thought about bonding with you, thought about what our first time together would be like, and it wasn't like that." There's so damn much love in Eddie's gaze that Buck's mind stutters to a halt, trying to process the sudden influx of information, but Eddie just keeps going. "I'm so fucking sorry that I hurt you, but if you'll let me, I'd like to spend the rest of my life making it up to you."

Buck just blinks at Eddie, his mouth not quite caught up to his brain. The silence, though, casts a shadow of doubt over Eddie's features and he hurries to back-peddle, just a little.

"On your terms, of course. If you don't want to be mates, that's okay, too," Eddie is quick to offer, but Buck can see just how much that idea hurts the Alpha, and he doesn't want him thinking for a second that Buck doesn't want this with every fibre of his being.

Instead of trying to tell him with words that are bound to be clumsy and awkward, Buck simply leans in and cuts off Eddie's pronouncement with a kiss, putting everything he feels for the man into it.

"I love you, too," Buck whispers when he finally pulls back.

And while Eddie looks absolutely delighted at the words, he also looks exceedingly unwell.

"Eddie, are you okay? Really okay?" Buck asks, reaching over the Alpha to press the call button on the side of the bed.

"Just a little bit of organ failure," Eddie grins, trying to lighten the situation. When Buck just looks at him aghast, Eddie's expression soberes and he admits, "I probably shouldn't have pulled that IV out."

The next fifteen minutes or so are a hive of activity, and despite it being entirely against hospital rules, the nurses allow Buck and Eddie to remain in bed together. Buck doesn't doubt that the special treatment is because of their unique situation, but he's not complaining. Having Eddie next to him makes things almost perfect.

Almost.

"Where is Bobby, by the way? Thought he would've set up camp in here, the way he was shouting about getting to you earlier. Figured they'd have to pry him away from you with a crowbar," Eddie asks around a yawn once he's been connected to a whole host of machines again.

The way the doctors and nurses spoke as they were hooking him up to everything left Buck feeling frightened and helpless, but with Eddie's permission, they were quick to assure Buck that, while Eddie would need a few days in the hospital and close monitoring over the next few months, they expected a full recovery. The assurance eased Buck's nerves, but Eddie's enquiry into Bobby's whereabouts reignites the worry that's burning hot in his stomach.

"What do you—" Buck gives his head a shake. He can't quite reconcile Eddie's words with how Bobby acted when he saw him. "He came here. But—" It hurts to even think about, let alone say out loud. But Eddie is looking at him with so much compassion that Buck forces himself to say it. "But he could barely even bring himself to look at me, Eddie. I, uh, I think he regrets bonding with me."

There's a hot prickle at the back of his eyes, and Buck is so fucking sick of crying. He knows it's the chemical change in his blood, that it will take a few days for him to level out. Days that, by all rights, he should be spending with his bond mate. And while having Eddie pressed up against him is perfect and wonderful and more than he ever could have hoped for, he doesn't quite feel *complete*. Not like he did when the Alphas were surrounding him and sinking their teeth into his skin.

He needs Bobby for that to happen.

"Hey, no." Eddie wraps a hand around the back of Buck's head and tugs him in just a little, just enough for his lips to press against Buck's forehead. "I think you've got it all wrong. Tell me exactly what happened."

So Buck does. And with Eddie's arms around him, it seems just a little less unbearable.

"So he saw you trying to get up, saw the same pain on your face that I did, as he walked into the room?" Eddie says quietly, like he's waiting for Buck to make the connection. "He saw how you look right now?"

Buck pulls back, eyebrows drawing together as he tries to follow the trail of breadcrumbs Eddie's left him.

"Have you seen yourself?" Eddie asks, looking abruptly uncomfortable again. When Buck just looks at him in confusion, Eddie reaches over Buck to the table next to the bed, where a small metal tray holds a pitcher of water and two cups. In just a few seconds, the tray is in Eddie's hands, held up in front of Buck's face.

And God, he looks horrible.

The fist he caught left his cheek swollen and blackened his eye, but that's far from the worst of it. The whites of his eyes are blood red, the right eye worse than the left, though he knows that the blood vessels that must've burst when he was screaming look far worse than they actually are. The most jarring sight, though, along with the bruises that line his arms and wrap around his wrists, are the marks on his neck.

Bite marks and bruises litter his skin from where his hospital gown ends all the way up to his jaw, a kaleidoscope of reds and purples and blues that has Buck raising a hand to the marks, fingers brushing lightly over them as he stares at his reflection. The two deepest bites, the ones that bonded him to his Alphas, are covered in gauze. Still, they're where his fingers land, imagining what the scars will feel like once they're fully healed; just a little whiter than the rest of his skin and a tiny bit raised.

He already loves them.

But looking at himself like this, seeing what Bobby would've seen when he came to see him, it gives Buck hope that maybe Bobby *doesn't* hate him. Because Bobby has a tendency to let his guilt consume him and Buck knows damn well that seeing him like this, bruised and in pain, would spark a whole new level of guilt in the man.

He needs to find him.

Now.

Buck takes the tray from Eddie's hand and sets it back on the table, wincing as he twists his body to do so, then turns back to Eddie, kissing him soft and slow and full of so damn much love that even Eddie's breath hitches.

"You know I love you, right?" Buck asks, needing to make sure Eddie understands he's not abandoning him.

Eddie's smile is a little crooked and Buck doesn't think the man has ever been more beautiful as he says, "I know. Go find him. Bring him back."

The fact that Eddie doesn't try to talk him out of it makes Buck love him even more. Since they met all those years ago, Eddie has always seemed to know exactly what Buck needs (and has always been there to help him find it). This new bond has only served to strengthen that connection.

So Buck kisses Eddie once more and then *slowly* maneuvers himself upright and out of bed. He leans on his IV stand for support as he waits for the flares of pain inside of him to subside, turning his attention back to Eddie as he stands there.

"Try to get some sleep," Buck says quietly, watching Eddie fight to keep his eyelids open. "You look like shit."

Eddie huffs out a laugh but whatever is in the bags on his IV stand seems to be pulling him into unconsciousness no matter how hard he fights against it. He loses the battle to keep his eyes open as Buck looks down on him, but he manages to whisper, "Be careful. I love you," before he slips away entirely.

Buck stands there for a minute longer, watching the rise and fall of Eddie's chest before he whispers, "I love you, too," and heads for the door.

He waits until the woman at the nurse's station outside of his room turns around to flip through a patient chart before he sneaks out and makes his way down the hall, as quietly as he can manage when one of the wheels on his IV stand has a tendency to catch and squeak. Fortunately, no one stops him as he leaves the ward and heads straight to where he *knows* Bobby will be.

The door to the chapel is no different than any others in the hospital, though there is a sign above it that proclaims its purpose in a neat script that varies from the rest of the signs throughout the halls.

It's not the first time he's followed Bobby into the small, inviting space. Everytime someone on the team ends up in the hospital, Bobby heads to the chapel, praying that they pull through, offering himself in their place if the Lord sees fit to call someone home. So when Buck walks in and quietly closes the door behind him, it's no surprise to see Bobby sitting in the second row of pews, head bowed and hands clasped together in front of him.

There's four rows of pews on either side of the center aisle, but Bobby is the only person filling a seat, his IV pole standing guard next to him in the aisle. Buck walks past his pew and sits in front of him — very, very carefully and leaning slightly to the side to keep his weight off his battered ass — with one leg pulled up on the wooden bench and his body angled to the side. Like this, he can easily look back at Bobby, even if Bobby refuses to look at him. Instead, the Alpha keeps his eyes closed, tears slipping free over puffy cheeks.

Bobby's face isn't nearly as bruised as Buck's body, but it's still pretty rough. Eddie must've landed more hits during their fight than Buck originally thought. Looking at Bobby like this — battered and broken down, his shoulders slumped as if the weight of everything that happened is threatening to crush him — makes something deep inside of Buck twinge in discomfort and he wants nothing more than to reach out and comfort him.

He's just not sure how welcome that touch would be.

"Bobby?" Buck says quietly, reluctant to break the silence of the small room.

It takes a few seconds for Bobby to answer, and Buck can see the war waging inside the man as he waits — watches his jaw tighten and release, watches his Adam's apple bob as he swallows around the guilt that's trying to choke him.

"You should be in bed," Bobby says eventually. His eyes are still closed, but he angles his face towards Buck, like he's drawn to him.

"I was. With Eddie," Buck says simply, and Bobby's eyes finally open at that, a mixture of relief and envy passing like shadows over his face. "He's gonna be okay. It's just going to take some time." Buck says, filling Bobby in on what truly matters. "So will I, by the way. So whatever it is that you're beating yourself up about, you can stop anytime now."

"Buck. I hurt you," Bobby hisses, his hands pulling into tight fists in his lap. His voice becomes impossibly quieter, dripping with remorse as he says, "And I bonded with you without your consent."

"You had my consent, Cap," Buck says earnestly. He reaches over the back of the pew and wraps one of Bobby's fists up in his hand. "I wanted it. But," Buck takes a deep breath and steels himself for rejection, "I know you weren't exactly *you*. And I get that maybe you don't want this now that the drug is out of your system."

He says *maybe you don't want this*, but he means *maybe you don't want me*, and Bobby picks up on it before Buck can get any further, before he can offer him the out that Buck's been silently preparing in his head since Bobby walked away from his hospital room.

"I've always wanted you, Buck. Since the first day you walked into my house and said you might be in the right place, since you sat down next to me and smiled at me like you meant it all the way down to your soul." Bobby's confession is hushed, befitting of the space. But while Buck's heart absolutely soars at the words, Bobby seems to sink further into himself.

"I, uh, I don't understand what the problem is, then." Buck's eyebrows draw in tight. "I love you. You want me."

Bobby's gaze snaps up as Buck speaks, but Buck suddenly has a sinking feeling in his stomach and barely even pays him any mind.

"Is it Eddie?"

It's pretty damn uncommon for two Alpha's to bond with an Omega; the need for dominance is usually far too much to overcome. Eddie seemed to be okay with the thought of the three of them working things out somehow, but maybe Bobby isn't.

And Buck's stomach lurches at the thought of not having them both.

"No. It's not Eddie," Bobby says, finally reaching out, laying a hand gently on Buck's shoulder. So gently, in fact, that Buck doesn't doubt for a second that he's afraid of what bruises might be hiding under his hospital gown.

"Then what?"

"I love you, too, Buck." Bobby's face softens at the words but then quickly turns hard as he gestures to the bruises all along Buck's neck and arms, "And I did this to you."

"I *chose* to be there with you, Cap," Buck says, holding up a hand to keep Bobby from the protest that's forming on his lips. "That was *my* choice. I knew what I was getting into and I stayed, even when Athena offered me a way out. And sure, I wasn't expecting to walk out of there bonded, but maybe we can still find a way to make this work?"

He doesn't mean for it to be a question, but he's still so damn unsure about how, or *if*, this can be sorted out, that he can't keep the hesitation from bleeding into his voice.

Bobby's eyes are locked on him so intensely that Buck feels a sudden warmth bloom in his cheeks, but he refuses to look away, to give Bobby a reason to think that he's not one hundred percent sure about this.

"How can you still want me?" Bobby finally asks, sounding lost, shattered. "After what happened, how could you ever trust me? I don't think *I* can trust me anymore."

"Well then I'll just have to trust you enough for the both of us. At least, until I can convince you that you didn't do anything wrong."

The look on Bobby's face tells Buck that it will be no easy task, but Buck's never backed down from a challenge before and he's sure as hell not going to start now. Especially when the stakes are so high. Not only does he want to ease the load that Bobby is carrying and help to see him through this, but Buck's entire future hinges on how things play out with Bobby and Eddie.

And Buck is determined to make it perfect for all three of them.

Chapter 5

It takes time, but they get there. Together.

Eddie spends nearly a week in the hospital, mostly sleeping and recovering from the effects of the drug. Whether because he was exposed longer, because it took longer for him to knot, or just some random chance of physiology, the side effects for him were far worse than they were for Bobby, who was discharged after only twenty-four hours.

Buck was released around the same time as Bobby, told that the tears inside of him would heal on their own, given time. The warning not to participate in any anal play for at least four weeks isn't even necessary. Eddie will be in no shape for that for a while, and Bobby still has trouble even looking him in the eye for longer than a few seconds at a time. Sex is the last thing on any of their minds.

Even once he's been discharged, Buck stays by Eddie's side as often as visiting hours permit. He curls up in bed with him whenever possible (they discover quite quickly which nurses will let it slide and which follow hospital rules too closely to allow it), but even when he's in the chair next to Eddie's bed, they're always touching. Hands linked together, mostly, though sometimes Buck will shift his chair closer to the head of the bed and card his fingers through Eddie's hair, or even just rest his palm on Eddie's chest, feeling the slight rise and fall, letting the gentle motion remind him that Eddie is safe.

Things between them are easy. Inevitable. Like they'd been slowly working their way towards bonding since that time they worked together to remove the unexploded ordnance from a man in the back of that ambulance. All those looks they've shared in the intervening years, the casual touches, the date nights that they never seemed to realize were actually dates...it all seemed to be leading them here.

Bonded mates.

Still, it's not all smooth sailing.

Every now and again, when Buck moves just so and his bruises appear on full display, a flash of remorse will tug at Eddie's features. Whenever Buck sees it, he leans in and kisses Eddie until the tension bleeds away, accepts the quiet apology that falls from Eddie's lips, and then moves on to more pressing topics. Like how it's going to be once they all get back to work, or the upcoming trial for the six people arrested in connection to the grow op.

Fortunately, with the entire supply of plants confiscated, the drug disappears from the streets almost immediately. It's a relief on many levels, but more than anything, Buck is hoping he never has to see another Omega hurting like that girl at the parking garage ever again. That drug was a disaster waiting to happen and he couldn't be happier when he hears that it's off the streets for good.

Bobby visits the hospital every day, checking on both Buck and Eddie, and every day he moves just a little closer to the two of them, shifting from the doorway to the end of the bed

to one of the visitors chairs. By the time Eddie is released, Bobby is close enough to touch.

Not that they do.

While it only takes a few days to become secure in his relationship with Eddie, it takes a little longer with Bobby, and not for lack of trying.

As a newly bonded Omega, it's physically painful to spend long stretches of time apart from his Alpha. He knows it'll pass in a week or so when his body chemistry evens out, but in the meantime, if Buck could have his way, he'd be with both of his Alphas 24/7. Spending his days with Eddie is more than enough to keep him content, but when visiting hours end, it's Bobby that he turns to.

And Bobby, ever the care-giver, takes Buck in the second he shows up at his front door. The proximity is enough to keep Buck at ease, but Bobby always sits on the opposite side of the table or couch, refusing to be in close contact. He even offers Buck his bed and then goes to sleep on the couch, when all Buck wants is to curl up with his Alpha and feel that security settle into his bones.

But Buck moves slowly, never pushing too hard, giving Bobby the time he needs to heal and forgive himself, even if Buck still insists there's nothing to forgive. He knows that rushing things will end badly and is more than happy to move at Bobby's pace.

A pace which feels practically glacial.

But then things *finally* start to change once Eddie is discharged.

Eddie is still weak, sleeping for a good portion of the day as his body slowly recovers, and his doctors recommend that he doesn't stay alone for the first week or so, until his strength starts to return.

It's not even a discussion.

Buck packs a bag for himself, picks Eddie up from the hospital, and they drive to Eddie's house together.

"You sure you don't want to bring Christopher home yet?" Buck asks as he helps lower Eddie onto the couch. Christopher's been staying with Eddie's aunt since the incident, though she's been bringing him to the hospital every day to visit. "I know you're not up to taking care of him yet, but I'm gonna be here. I can take care of him. I'm a better cook than you anyways," he teases, which just leads to Eddie wrapping a hand around Buck's fingers, tugging him down onto the couch with him.

"I am not that bad of a cook," Eddie insists, nuzzling against Buck's neck as Buck settles halfway on his lap.

"If by 'cook' you mean 'pouring milk over cereal', then yeah, you're a five star chef."

Eddie nips at Buck's earlobe in retaliation, a light bite that makes his heart kick into high gear and leaves his pants feeling just a little bit tighter than they did a moment ago. Suddenly

Buck is thinking that maybe four weeks is going to seem like an awfully long time.

But then Eddie is pulling back, looking ashamed and confused and Buck realizes that even if they were ready physically — which they're really, *really* not — they're nowhere near ready emotionally. So he slides off of Eddie's lap, seating himself next to him instead, and he links their fingers together. When Eddie doesn't object, Buck lifts their joined hands to his lips and kisses Eddie's knuckles, a simple act to show him that everything is going to be okay.

The furrowed brow and pinched lips don't fade from Eddie's face, though, and Buck is more than a little shocked when Eddie says, "I think we need to talk. All of us. Buck, I need to know what's happening here."

"What do you mean?"

"I need to know what's happening with *us*. And what's happening with you and him. I know things are complicated right now," Eddie says, and Buck huffs at just how much of an understatement that is. "But I don't know how to move forward from this if I don't know which direction we're going."

Buck gets it. There's a part of him that feels the same way. But he's terrified that pushing Bobby will only push him away, and Buck isn't sure that he can survive that.

"Buck," Eddie whispers, giving his hand a squeeze. "I don't want to pressure him, and I don't want to come between the two of you. I just want to ask if he's willing to have a conversation."

A conversation. They've been having plenty of them over the last few days, and not a single one of them have been about their future relationship status.

And Buck is scared.

The idea of losing one, or maybe even both, of his Alphas...it's too much. His blood starts to skitter beneath his skin, a fine tremor breaking loose starting in his hands and moving up his arms, but then Eddie is pulling him close, wrapping warm arms around his shaking shoulders, and Buck immediately begins to calm down.

"I'm sorry," Buck whispers as he sucks in lungfuls of Eddie's scent to center himself. "The bonds haven't settled yet. I'm a little, uh, off, still."

Eddie's response is so immediate that Buck can't even doubt for a second that he means every word. "You're not off. You're perfect. And look. Whatever happens, however things shake out, I am here for whatever you want from me, for as long as you want me."

"As long as *I* want *you*?"

"Look, man, I know having two Alphas is a lot." Eddie presses on, completely oblivious to Buck's bewilderment as he sits there stunned that Eddie could ever think that Buck wouldn't want him forever. "More than most people can handle, really. And if you decide you only want one of us, I would understand if you chose him."

And Eddie means it. Despite the heartbreak that Buck can hear hiding in his voice at the offer, he knows that if Buck were to walk away right now to be with Bobby, he would let him.

But the thought of walking away from Eddie makes Buck sick to his stomach.

Buck is back in Eddie's lap, straddling his hips this time, before his mind has even processed the fact that he's moving. "Eddie, I love you. And if you want me, I want to spend the rest of my life with you. And yeah, I don't know how things are going to play out with Bobby, but however it goes, I will *always* want you."

The kiss they share is intense, fierce, but Buck knows it won't lead to anything more. Not now. Right now, they just need to know they belong to one another.

When they break apart, Buck makes no move to vacate Eddie's lap, but he does grab his phone from his pocket and dial Bobby's number, pressing the phone to his ear as he looks Eddie in the eye.

"Buck? Is everything okay?" Bobby asks as soon as he picks up. The plan was for Buck to spend the night with Eddie and then reassess sleeping arrangements in the morning, so Buck can almost even understand the concern.

It still warms him up inside.

"Yeah, Bobby, we're both good." Buck assures him, breathing in Eddie's scent to shore himself up. "But, um. We were wondering if you were busy right now? If you could maybe come over to talk?"

A sharp inhale cuts through the speaker and Buck waits anxiously for Bobby's answer, chewing on his lip in the few seconds it takes for Bobby to respond.

"Sure. I can be there in a half hour," Bobby says, sounding defeated in a way that makes Buck's stomach twist in knots, but the line disconnects before Buck can say anything else.

"That was weird, right?" Buck asks as he slips his phone back into his pocket. There's a nagging voice in the back of his mind that's telling him something isn't right.

"It's gonna be a tough conversation, Buck. He's probably just getting himself ready for it."

Buck looks down at Eddie as he speaks, noticing that his eyes are a little tight around the edges, that his skin is looking particularly sallow, and he realizes that Eddie's been overdoing it since they got home. That he needs to be taking it easy, not making out on the couch like they're teenagers.

"Yeah, you're probably right," Buck says, sliding himself off of Eddie's lap with a quick kiss to his temple. "And we have a half hour until he gets here. Why don't you take a quick nap here?" He's already grabbing a blanket to toss over Eddie before the man even opens his mouth to answer, but aside from just a hint of an eyeroll, Eddie seems to be on board with Buck's plan anyways.

Buck helps to lay him out on the couch and then covers him up, and he'd swear Eddie is asleep before the blanket has even floated down around him. Since he doesn't want to risk waking him, Buck heads to the front door and quietly pulls it open, stepping outside but leaving it open just a crack behind him, in case Eddie calls out.

He paces for a little while, back and forth, back and forth, on the small stoop, but eventually he leans against the wall next to the door and slides down to the ground, burying his head in his hands and tugging lightly at his hair. He suspects that his life is about to change forever, and it scares the hell out of him.

He's not sure how long he sits there like that, running scenarios in his mind of how things might go, but eventually a quiet voice pulls him from his musings.

"Buck?"

His head snaps up, shocked to find Bobby standing next to him, a hand reaching out and frozen mid air, like he isn't sure the touch would be welcome.

Buck aches for the feel of Bobby's skin on his.

"Sorry, I uh..." Buck struggles to his feet, feeling a pang of loss as Bobby's hand falls back to his side. "Eddie is sleeping and I didn't want to wake him just yet."

His eyes skate over the Alpha as he speaks, his worry from earlier coming back full force as he sees just how dejected the man looks. And despite the promises he's made to himself to give Bobby the time and space that he needs, Buck can't ignore his instincts any longer. He takes a step to clear the space between them and wraps his arms around Bobby in a crushing hug that he's honestly not sure he'll ever be able to release his Alpha from.

Bobby's body goes ramrod straight for a fraction of a second, but then he melts into the embrace, arms wrapping around Buck like he's just as desperate for the contact as Buck is.

"God, I've missed you so much, Cap," Buck whispers into the crook of Bobby's neck, rubbing his face there to scent himself with Bobby's pheromones, to feel like he belongs to his Alpha in case this is the last opportunity he'll ever have to do it.

"I've missed you, too," Bobby says earnestly. They stay wrapped up in one another for several minutes before Bobby reluctantly pulls away. "We should really go talk."

"Yeah," Buck sighs, letting Bobby slip free of his arms. He's already crossed one of the lines he drew in the sand, though, so he reaches out and slides his hand into Bobby's, waiting with bated breath to see if Bobby shakes him off. A quiet but relieved sigh slips from his lips when Bobby doesn't pull away, merely gives his fingers a squeeze and gestures for Buck to lead them inside, which Buck does with only a hint of hesitation in his step.

He only lets go of Bobby's hand once they reach the living room, stepping forward and dropping into a crouch in front of Eddie. The Alpha looks so peaceful that Buck hates to wake him, but he knows this conversation will be just as important to Eddie's mental healing

as the sleep is to his physical healing, so he runs his fingers tenderly through Eddie's hair and whispers, "Eddie, time to wake up."

Warm brown eyes find Buck's, exhaustion giving way to a boundless love as he shakes off the remnants of his nap.

"Hi," Eddie says, hardly even a whisper.

"Hi," Buck grins, hoping he'll get to see that look in Eddie's eyes every morning for the rest of his life. "Bobby's here."

Eddie's gaze flicks up and back landing on Bobby before he offers a tired but sincere, "Hey, Cap. Thanks for coming."

"Not a problem. How are you feeling?" The concern in Bobby's words is genuine, but it's like Buck can actually *see* the walls going up around Bobby, and it hurts.

They resort to small talk for a few minutes, updating on injuries and recovery timelines, but the longer they wait, the more anxious Buck gets until he finally just blurts out, "What do you want?"

Bobby and Eddie both freeze, Bobby still standing right at the entrance to the room, Eddie sitting up on the couch, still draped in the blanket Buck had placed on him earlier. Buck, meanwhile, starts pacing the floor, his hand scrubbing furiously at the back of his neck as he goes. "Look, I know I'm not exactly a prize here, and I know neither of you were in your right mind when you bonded with me. And yeah, I want you — both of you — so badly that it feels like my soul is being shredded when I think about losing you. But I need to know what *you* want, and I need you both to know that there won't be any hard feelings if neither of you wants this. Wants *me*."

He knows how Eddie feels about him — he can feel it when they touch — but he still doesn't know if Eddie would want to share him. It's a pretty damn big ask of an Alpha, and Buck certainly doesn't take it lightly. Beyond that, despite Bobby's confession of love in the chapel, Buck is honestly not sure where Bobby stands at all.

"I know that this is unconventional," Buck continues, hardly pausing for breath, "But I'm willing to do whatever it takes to make this work, however it works for the two of you."

"Buck, stop," Eddie says, pushing himself from the couch with a groan, just so he can place himself in Buck's path, forcing him to halt his pacing. "This isn't about us. This is about you."

Buck freezes in place, eyes darting between Eddie and Bobby, trying to decipher the looks on their faces.

"He's right, kid," Bobby says quietly, taking half a step forward before stopping himself in place. "This is all about what you want. But you need to think about *just* yourself for a change."

At Buck's look of confusion, Eddie reaches out to take hold of his hand — a gentle touch, a simple connection, but it helps to steady him immediately.

"What Bobby means, is that we don't want you trying to figure out a way to 'make this work', and we don't want you trying to do what's 'right', okay?" Eddie speaks slowly, voice level and calm, making sure Buck is really *hearing* him.

Bobby moves hesitantly but he walks over to Eddie's side and takes hold of Buck's free hand, just as gently as Eddie has. Even still, it's like a jolt of electricity zapping through his body, having both men touching him again. Together.

"Forget about everything else." Eddie's thumb draws soft, indistinct shapes over the back of Buck's hand as he speaks. "If you could have exactly what you want, what would that look like?"

Buck doesn't even need to think.

"The three of us together. Living as the bonded mates we are."

It seems so simple.

It's not.

"But I know how difficult that would be for both of you. Neither of you asked to be in a double-bond relationship, and Eddie, you have Christopher to consider in all of this."

Never letting go of Buck's hands, Bobby and Eddie turn to one another, somehow having a comprehensive conversation without ever speaking a single word. And just like back into the warehouse, Buck may not know exactly what they're saying, but he sure knows when they reach a decision.

Eddie moves first, his fingers trailing from Buck's hand all the way up his arm as he moves behind him, then slides both hands down, snaking around his waist and tugging him back against his chest.

"I want that too, Buck," Eddie whispers in his ear, slipping his hand beneath Buck's t-shirt to splay flat over his belly. The heat from Eddie's palm is like fire spreading over his skin and Buck closes his eyes, sinking into the feeling completely. "I want you with me. Always. I want the three of us to be Christopher's parents, together. I want to start a whole litter with you, and it doesn't even matter if they're mine or Bobby's because no matter what, they'll be *yours*. And they'll be ours."

Buck just barely contains the whimper that tries to break free at the idea of starting a family with these men, the sudden surge of emotions making it hard to breathe. He hasn't been allowing himself to imagine what it would really be like, the three of them living together as one, raising Christopher and adding more kids to the mix, freely sharing their lives and their bodies with one another. He can't help but picture it now, and he wants it so bad that it *hurts*.

He opens his eyes as Bobby slides in front of him, lifting Buck's arms and sliding them around his neck so they're pressed chest to chest, with Eddie's arms secured between them. Bobby still seems a little reluctant when it comes to touching Buck, but there isn't a trace of doubt in his voice as he speaks.

"I would be honoured to be your mate, Evan Buckley. There's nothing I want more than to be a family with you, and honestly, having Eddie and Christopher as part of that family would be...more than I ever could have hoped for." Bobby looks to where Eddie is resting his chin on Buck's shoulder and Buck would swear he can see a surge of love in the man's eyes.

Buck isn't sure if Bobby and Eddie are now somehow connected through their respective bonds with Buck, but there doesn't seem to be any of the typical Alpha territoriality building between the two men. Not anymore.

And Buck is finally beginning to think that, just maybe, this could work.

"Really?" Buck's voice shakes around the single word, almost afraid to believe it could be true.

"Really," Bobby whispers.

"Yes," Eddie murmurs against his skin as he kisses lightly up to his ear.

He doesn't mean for it to happen, but Buck finds himself rolling his hips against Bobby, seeking friction where he's suddenly and unexpectedly craving it, moaning lightly and dropping his head back against Eddie's shoulder as he does.

He knows they can't have sex. Knows they're not ready for it. But God, he's never been more turned on in his life.

Eddie chuckles against his neck, but the way he's starting to lean on Buck is a harsh reminder that the Alpha is still healing and should be in bed. It's enough to pull Buck away from thoughts of their future together to focus on the now.

"Eddie, we should get you to bed." Buck sounds a little more breathless than he'd like, but there's not a lot he can do about that. He's still hard and aching in his pants and he just needs to wait for the feeling to pass, though he's not sure that it will until he's no longer sandwiched between his Alphas (*His* Alphas. The thought makes his cock twitch).

"Or," Bobby says, looking to Eddie once again. Buck can feel Eddie nod where his head is propped on his shoulder. "You think you could get yourself off like this, Buck? Rutting against us?"

Buck just barely keeps from coming at the idea alone. "I think I could manage."

Eddie's arms remain snug around his torso, and Bobby's hands drop to Buck's hips as he starts to grind against Bobby's thigh, holding lightly, encouraging. It's a damn big step for Bobby and Buck tugs him closer in response, until they're cheek to cheek as Buck works to get himself off.

"Come on, Buck," Eddie whispers, kissing lightly along Buck's jaw. "Show us how good you feel."

Buck suspects that if Eddie were feeling better, he'd be offering Buck a hand, but it seems like Eddie is going to need to be horizontal soon, so Buck picks up the pace, rutting against Bobby while Eddie alternates kissing and talking him through it.

"That's right, just like that." He can feel the pull of Eddie's lips against his skin, the small smile that settles on his face as Buck moans at the sensations. "Want you to feel good, Omega."

He does. He feels *so damn good*.

And he's so, so close.

Bobby's voice, when it comes, is right next to his ear, a whisper so quiet that he's not entirely sure if he's hearing it or imagining it. "I love you, Evan. So much. Come for me. Come for your Alphas."

And Buck does.

He creams his pants just from being surrounded by his Alphas — their scents, their love, their praise. They let him be for a moment, allowing him to catch his breath and find a way to float back into his body, but Eddie is steadily becoming heavier where he's pressed up against Buck, and Buck can tell that he's having trouble supporting himself.

So he pulls himself upright and shifts in his Alpha's arms until he has one of Eddie's arms looped over his shoulder and Buck's arm is wrapped around his waist. Bobby is quick to follow suit, and soon they're leading Eddie down the hall to his bedroom.

"Stay?" Eddie mumbles, his eyelids fluttering shut as soon as his head hits the pillow.

Buck knows Eddie is already asleep by the time he answers, but he says it anyways.

"Always."

It only takes a few minutes for Buck and Bobby to get cleaned up, but before Buck can leave the bathroom, Bobby stops him with a gentle hand on his forearm. Buck's gotten used to the look of guilt that appears to have made a permanent home on Bobby's face over the last few days, but this is something different altogether. Something that has a hint of embarrassment amongst the shame.

"When you called me and asked me to come over," Bobby says quietly, gaze cast down to the cool tile beneath their bare feet, "I thought that you were going to say you'd chosen Eddie."

Buck's heart drops at the confession, but Bobby carries on, unaware of the fact that Buck's whole world has come to a grinding halt.

"And I understood, Buck. I really did. He would have been a better choice for you if you were only going to pick one of us."

It hurts, seeing Bobby like this. Unsure and maybe just a little lost. He reaches a hand out and rests it on Bobby's cheek, but when he tries to tilt his face up, Bobby simply closes his eyes and keeps talking.

"I stopped at the liquor store on the way over." Bobby's voice cracks and he has to swallow a few times before he can continue. "There's two bottles of bourbon under the passenger seat in the truck. I thought that afterwards, after we talked and you'd let me go, I would need something to get through the night."

Buck's arms slide around Bobby without hesitation, pulling him in and holding him close, trying to remember how to breathe.

"I'm sorry, Buck."

"It's okay. We're gonna be okay," Buck says once his lungs start working. In time, he matches his breathing to Bobby's, though his heart rate remains far too fast, too afraid that he came this close to destroying the man he loves.

They hold each other for a while, breathing one another in and reminding themselves of what they have, rather than what could have been. And when they finally pull apart, Buck looks Bobby in the eye, making sure he's truly listening before he speaks.

"I love you, Bobby Nash. I will always love you. Now give me the keys to your damn truck."

The amber liquid is dumped down the kitchen sink without fanfare and the bottles are tossed in the recycling bin, then they're heading hand-in-hand back to Eddie's bedroom. Buck crawls into bed with Eddie first, throwing an arm over the Alpha's stomach while his head follows suit on his chest, but it's only a matter of seconds before Bobby tucks up behind Buck, the big spoon to his little spoon, and Buck snuggles back against him before the Alpha has even stopped moving.

Having Bobby pressed against him again — feeling the brush of his chest hair against his back and the warmth of every exhale on his neck as they settle in for the night — is everything Buck had been craving in the furthest reaches of his soul.

The silence of the night wraps around them like a blanket, three sets of breaths evening out as sleep comes to find them all. There's still so much more to discuss, so many details to plan out, but as Buck's eyelids become heavier and heavier, he decides that it can all wait until morning.

For now, it's enough to know that Eddie is healing and Bobby is sober.

For now, with his Alphas surrounding him, Buck feels safe and loved in a way he never thought possible.

And so, for now, he sleeps.

Chapter 6

The next couple months are a whirlwind.

Bobby went back to work, but Buck took time off to spend with Eddie while he finished out his medical leave. Seeing Eddie grow stronger every day was an immense relief for not only Bobby and Buck, but for Christopher, too.

While they took a day to themselves to discuss their new dynamic after that first night home, they were anxious to bring Christopher back as soon as possible. And so they sat him down and explained in the broadest of terms what happened — that Eddie, Buck, and Bobby were bonded, and that they all loved him very much and would like to be a family together.

Christopher was fucking thrilled.

And so, with one surprisingly simple conversation, Eddie's house became *their* house, at least until they could find something new. Something with a little more space for a family of four (and hopefully more). Something with a master bedroom big enough for a California king-sized bed.

And it didn't take long to find something perfect. Halfway between Christopher's school and the station, the four bedroom house was everything they needed and more. They put in an offer as soon as Chris gave the okay, and now, six weeks after the night that changed everything, they're fully moved in and ready to begin the newest chapter of their lives together.

They're a little more than half unpacked, boxes still scattered throughout the house, but the kitchen and bedrooms are pretty much complete, which, Buck thinks, is all that really matters. The rest can wait.

(And it will, too. Combining three households into one meant an awful lot of boxes to unpack. Fortunately, they have all the time in the world to do so.)

Christopher conks out shortly after dinner, the excitement of the day — and setting up his new bedroom — wearing him out quickly. Buck actually thought he might fall asleep in his plate of chicken cacciatore at the dinner table. Luckily, they get him to bed without incident, which means Buck, Bobby, and Eddie have the rest of the night to themselves.

And Buck knows *exactly* what he wants to do with that time.

After that first night at Eddie's, they didn't do anything more than cuddle for almost three weeks. It took time to heal, to ease into their new lives together, and none of them wanted to risk a misstep that might set them back.

Eventually they started moving forward — kisses becoming deeper, touches becoming more lingering. Over time, hand jobs became blow jobs, and all three of them began to learn exactly how to get each other off.

But they haven't had sex.

Buck's been ready for weeks, and he thinks that Eddie is, too. Bobby, on the other hand, still has moments where he struggles to get past what happened, struggles to trust himself with Buck. There are some days where it seems like he's almost *afraid* to even touch Buck at all.

On those days, Eddie and Buck work together to ease Bobby's fears, moving slowly and carefully, helping him to settle his mind enough that he can sit on the couch with an arm around Buck, holding him like he's made of glass until he remembers that he isn't.

Thankfully, those days are becoming fewer and farther between.

Things have been good the last week or so. So good, in fact, that he and Eddie talked about the possibility of taking the next step.

Tonight.

So once the dishes are washed and put away, once the leftovers are packed up and placed in the fridge, Buck takes hold of Bobby's hand and leads him down the hall, stalling any questions he might have with a soft kiss. When they get to the bedroom, Eddie is already inside, stripped down to just his boxers, the bedding folded up on the bench at the end of the bed.

"What's all this?" Bobby asks, a half smile pulling at his lips, breaking its way through the confusion that's twisting his features.

"This," Buck says, tugging him all the way into the room and closing the door behind them, "Is a chance for us to be together again. And I know," Buck holds up his hands as Bobby opens his mouth, doubt carving thick lines into his skin. "*We* know that you're nervous. But you trust us, right?"

"Of course I trust you, Buck, you know that," Bobby says easily. "But—"

"That's all we're asking," Eddie says, walking over to join them near the foot of the bed, sliding an arm around Buck's waist like it's the most natural thing in the world. "We're asking you to trust *us* to make sure Buck stays safe."

Bobby's gaze floats back and forth between Eddie and Buck, searching for answers to questions Buck doesn't even know to ask, but in the end, he offers a small, slightly reluctant nod.

"Bobby, there's no pressure." Buck reaches out to slide his fingers along Bobby's jaw, cupping his face tenderly. "If you're not ready, it doesn't have to be tonight."

Bobby blows out a slow breath, like he's trying to force a specific thought from his mind. Inhaling just as cautiously, he brings a hand up to wrap over Buck's, letting it stay where it's planted on his jaw, but holding on like it's a lifeline that he can't bear to lose. "Are you sure *you're* ready?"

There's an agreement lurking behind the question, even if Bobby hasn't exactly said yes yet. But Buck knows Bobby well enough at this point to understand the meaning behind the words just as well as the words themselves. He can see that Bobby wants this.

He can also see that Bobby's terrified to *let* himself want this.

"Yes," Buck answers unequivocally, making sure Bobby can see the truth of that statement in his eyes. "I am ready for this. And I think you are, too."

Slowly — so, so slowly — Buck leans in and presses their lips together, waiting to see if Bobby pulls back, if he puts an end to this before it even starts.

Instead, Bobby kisses him back.

It's soft and gentle but no less full of passion for all of that, and Buck absolutely melts into it, knowing that his Alpha is going to take care of him. That they're going to take care of each other.

As the kiss turns deeper — as Bobby's tongue swipes over Buck's lips, seeking entry that he is only too happy to grant — Eddie moves behind Buck and wraps his arms around his chest, fingers deftly moving to undo the buttons of his shirt, top to bottom. Without ever interrupting the kiss, Eddie peels the shirt back and slides it down Buck's arms, letting his fingers trail along Buck's skin as he goes, leaving goosebumps in his wake.

Just the light brush of Eddie's touch and the feel of Bobby's tongue sliding against his own is enough to get his blood flowing south, his cock starting to fill and strain against his pants. Luckily, as soon as Buck's shirt is removed, Eddie's hands are wrapping back around him, running down his abs with a teasing touch, sneaking just beneath his waistband and making Buck gasp before moving to pop the button and work the zipper, giving Buck's cock ample room to grow.

It's no surprise when Eddie grabs hold of pants and underwear together and tugs them down Buck's legs, helping to support him as he steps out of the right leg and then the left. It *is* a surprise when Eddie stands back up, plastered against Buck's back, and reaches out to take hold of Bobby's hand, guiding it to Buck's waiting cock.

They both gasp into each other's mouths, but Eddie keeps going, guiding Bobby's pace, stroking Buck slow and steady and driving him absolutely wild.

He won't last long.

Once Bobby seems to have gained control and continues working Buck on his own, Eddie pulls his hand back and eases away from Buck's body. Buck is about to protest, to beg him to come back, but then he notices that Eddie is only going so far as to press up against Bobby's back, repeating the same motions of unbuttoning his shirt, slowly popping one button free at a time.

And Buck can't help but watch.

He pulls back from the kiss, giving himself enough room to watch Eddie's fingers work the buttons, displaying Bobby's body for him an inch or so at a time. And fuck if the sight of Eddie undressing Bobby isn't one of the sexiest damn things that Buck has ever witnessed.

Bobby seems to recognize that and picks up the pace, stroking harder and faster as Buck jerks his hips and fucks himself into the tunnel of Bobby's hand. And when Eddie grins at him over Bobby's shoulder and drops his hand to the button of Bobby's pants, sliding it oh-so-slowly through the hole and then unzipping him at such a languid pace that Buck knows Eddie is doing it just for him, Buck loses it and shoots his load with a startled cry, fingers digging into Bobby's skin as he holds on and rides out his orgasm.

"Fucking gorgeous," Eddie says quietly, eyes trained on Buck as Buck pants and works to catch his breath.

"Yes he is," Bobby agrees easily, still lightly stroking Buck's cock, prolonging his pleasure as best he can.

And damn, his love for these two men is boundless.

"Fuck me," Buck practically begs, gasping as he becomes oversensitive from Bobby's touch but still wanting more. Wanting everything.

"That's the plan," Eddie chuckles.

It's only now that Buck notices Eddie has finished stripping all of them down, leaving them naked and pressed together in their new bedroom and Buck starts to get hard again before the come on Bobby's hand and arm has even cooled.

Eddie grabs hold of both of their hands and guides them over to the bed, encouraging Bobby to sit in the middle of the mattress, up against the tufted headboard, then guiding Buck to straddle his lap. Eddie is quick to move behind him, using his body to support Buck as his hands run up and down Buck's thighs.

And somehow, surrounded by his Alphas like he was made to be, this new house suddenly feels like home.

"I love you both so damn much," Buck whispers. His entire body is pulsating, every cell crying out to be mated, but it isn't his biology that's making Buck's hips roll in small circles, alternating sliding his cock against Bobby's and his ass against Eddie's rapidly growing erection. It's his love for these men, these Alphas that have changed his life in all the best ways possible. "Let me show you how much?"

"Yes," Eddie agrees immediately.

Bobby takes a few seconds longer, but his answer is no less sincere. "Yes."

Buck bites down on his lip as a current of lust washes through him, knowing he'll finally be with his mates the way he's been wanting, and he has to keep himself from just grabbing hold of Bobby's cock, lining up, and sinking down. He knows they need to move slowly.

For all of them.

Eddie, of course, knows that, too.

"Can I open you up, Buck? Feel you from the inside and stretch that pretty hole of yours open so it's ready to take a cock?"

Bobby's cock gives a twitch where it's lying against his belly, and Buck starts to comprehend just how much fun they're going to have exploring what turns each other on. From their past few weeks of using hands and mouths, he's already discovered that Bobby likes to watch Eddie taking Buck apart. He wonders just how far that voyeuristic streak runs.

He can't fucking wait to find out.

But for tonight, they'll focus on keeping it gentle. Slow.

And together.

Buck crashes his lips against Bobby's and cants his hips back, giving Eddie plenty of room to work his fingers in. He's surprised, then, when Eddie shifts to lay down on the bed, settled on his back between Bobby's legs with his head just beneath Buck's ass. Warm hands come to rest on Buck's hips, tugging him back and down, and suddenly Eddie's tongue is prodding at his entrance, lapping over the furred muscle like it's the most decadent treat he's ever had.

Buck tosses his head back and moans, which is invitation enough for Bobby to latch his lips onto the skin of his throat and suck lightly. And Buck doesn't know if it was intentional or a glorious accident, but just as Bobby's lips move over the scar of his bonding mark, licking and sucking at the upraised skin, Eddie points his tongue and presses past the already loose muscle and into his tight channel.

Bobby has to clap a hand over Buck's mouth to cut off the filthy moan that escapes.

"As much as I love to hear the noises you make, you're gonna have to keep it down if you don't want to wake Christopher," Bobby says quietly, but Buck can hear the smile in his words. It really didn't take long at all to discover that Bobby likes the sounds Buck makes in bed, but those past times were all when Christopher was out of the house.

Buck nods and Bobby pulls his hand away, replacing it immediately with his mouth, his tongue fucking into Buck just as eagerly as Eddie's, and Buck is fucking flying.

It isn't long, though, before he needs more.

He pulls back from the kiss at the same time that he pulls his ass from Eddie's mouth. Neither man has a chance to do anything more than hum a questioning note of surprise before Buck is shuffling forward and reaching back to grab hold of Bobby's cock, lining them up perfectly. As desperate as he is to feel Bobby inside of him, he freezes with the head at his hungry hole, looking down at Bobby with lust-blown pupils.

"Yes?" It's meant to be a question, but Buck can't help it coming out like a plea. He needs it.

"Yes."

Buck sinks down slowly, giving them both some time to adjust as he goes, but as soon as he bottoms out he lifts himself back up and in seconds he's bouncing in Bobby's lap, taking him in over and over and over and it's absolutely perfect.

"Fuck. Yes. Alpha." The words are punched from Buck with each slam into his body.

"You like taking Cap's cock, Buck?" Eddie says, so close to Buck's ear that it startles him. He hadn't felt him move. But now his arm is wrapping around Buck, gripping his cock and stroking in time with Buck's movements. "Like feeling him deep inside you? Filling you up?"

"Fuck yes," Buck gasps, hardly able to speak. He can feel Bobby's knot starting to swell and he wants it. Wants to feel the stretch and the heat of the man coming inside of him, but the longer they go, the tighter Bobby's face gets and Buck actually slows his pace to ask, "What's wrong?"

"I can't knot you, Buck," Bobby says apologetically, looking away. "Not yet. I'm not ready."

Buck grabs hold of either side of Bobby's face and angles him so that they're looking one another in the eye, nowhere to hide. No need to, either.

"It's okay. We have all the time in the world." Buck smiles softly at just how true those words are. "Is it okay if you still come inside of me?"

There are tears in Bobby's eyes, but Buck recognizes that they're just a build up of so damn many emotions and not a sign to stop, so he leans in and kisses over Bobby's eyelids as he clenches down around his cock.

"You don't have to knot me to fill me with your seed," Buck reminds him.

It's enough that Bobby grabs hold of Buck's hips and thrusts up as he says, "Yes. Fuck, yes." And while he fucks him hard enough that his knot slaps against Buck's body, he never makes a move to breach his hole with it. And it's okay, because Buck still has Bobby inside of him, still has Eddie stroking him off and soon enough Bobby is shooting his load, painting Buck's insides, and the feeling alone is enough to send Buck over the edge. Creamy ropes of white shoot all over Bobby's belly and chest, matting the hair there as it drips down his skin.

"Fuck. Buck, I love you," Bobby sighs as they both come down.

Before Buck can answer, Eddie is rubbing his cock along the crack of Buck's ass, filthy words floating into the space around them.

"I wanna fuck you, Buck. While you're all loose and sloppy and full of his come. Wanna knot you and empty my balls into you until you're so full you can't take another drop."

Buck doesn't think it's physically possible for him to get hard again this soon, but his cock gives a valiant twitch at the images that form in his mind and he moans a needy, "Yes."

Eddie moves him gently at first, guiding him off of Bobby's cock, but as soon as he's free, he flips Buck onto his back on the mattress and settles himself between his spread thighs. Buck expects Eddie to slam into him, but instead, he waits, watching Buck's hole twitch and flutter, waiting until a small stream of Bobby's come starts leaking out of him before he swipes it up with his thumb and shoves it back inside. Only then does he move in and line up, the tip just barely pressing inside.

"How do you want it, Buck?"

Honestly, Buck wants it rough and fast with Eddie holding him down and using his body for his pleasure, but that feels an awful lot like something they're going to need to discuss first, so Buck settles on, "As hard as you're willing to go."

"God, you're perfect," Eddie groans and then slams home in one fell swoop.

Buck's back arches off the bed but he manages to bite down on the keening cry that builds in his chest as Eddie snaps his hips over and over, giving Buck everything he needs.

"I can feel Bobby's come inside of you, nice and wet and warm." Eddie is winded from how hard he's working Buck, but he keeps talking as he fucks him, eyes locked on Buck as the words wash over him. Eddie picked up on Buck's penchant for dirty talk almost immediately and he's been more than happy to accommodate it. "Gonna add mine to the mix. Fuck a baby into you."

Buck's high pitched whine can't be stopped, but Bobby is quick to lean in and swallow it down, kissing Buck deeply as Eddie continues to pound into him, his knot growing and swelling with every thrust. A few more passes and Eddie is locked inside of him, still pumping his hips as hard as he can without pulling his knot out.

And then Eddie is coming with a low and drawn out groan, emptying into Buck just like he promised, and it's so fucking perfect that Buck doesn't understand how he's lived without this, without *them*, for so long.

Eddie practically collapses onto him and Buck immediately wraps an arm around his back and a leg over his thigh, pulling him closer. With his free hand, he threads his fingers into Bobby's hair and tugs him in as well, until the three of them are all locked together, limbs entwined and as close as they can possibly be.

It's everything he could ever want.

He knows they still have a ways to go, that one night of sex isn't going to magically make the scars of their past disappear, but he also knows that together, they'll find their way through to the other side. Because the love that they share was there long before that night at the warehouse (even if none of them were able to admit it at the time), and it will be there until they're old and grey, and then well beyond that.

Right now, though, he's with the men he loves and his eyelids are getting heavy as the serenity he feels drains every bit of tension from his body.

It's the most restful, rejuvenating sleep Buck has ever had.

When the morning comes and he wakes up with both of his Alphas sprawled over him, he can't help but smile. Because he knows deep in his soul that he has a lifetime more of nights like that — and mornings like this — coming his way.

And he couldn't ask for a single thing more.

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